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THE OLD HOME.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

"RETURN, return," the voices cried,
 "To your old valley, far away;
 For softly on the river tide
 The tender lights and shadows play;
 And all the banks are gay with flowers,
 And all the hills are sweet with thyme;
 Ye cannot find such bloom as ours
 In yon bright foreign clime!"

And still "Return, return," they sung,
 "With us abides eternal calm;
 In these old fields, where you were young,
 We cull the heart's-ease and the balm;
 For us the flocks and herds increase,
 And children play around our feet;
 At eve the sun goes down in peace—
 Return, for rest is sweet."

For me, I thought, the olives grow,
 The sun lies warm upon the vines;
 And yet, I will arise and go
 To that dear valley dim with pines.
 Old loves are dwelling there, I said,
 Untouched by years of change and pain;
 Old faiths, that I had counted dead,
 Shall rise, and live again.

Then I arose, and crossed the sea,
 And sought that home of younger days;
 No love of old was left to me
 (For Love has wings, and seldom stays);
 But there were graves upon the hill,
 And sunbeams shining on the sod,
 And low winds breathing, "Peace, be still;
 Lost things are found in God."

Good Words.

O FACES pitiful and pale!
 O misery beyond conceit!
 O empty verse of small avail!
 O weary hearts! O flagging feet!
 Brothers and sisters, in your pain
 Ye cry for help, and cry in vain.

For by the God who made us all,
 How can we help you if we will?
 We cannot make you fair and tall,
 Nor cure your loathsome hurts until
 Ye learn our healthy joys to share,
 Fresh water and the morning air.

Nor can we change the soul within,
 The body that its fashion shows;
 What care of ours could serve to win
 Your spirits from their earthly woes?
 Give you high thoughts, and noble lives,
 Glad mothers make you, and pure wives?

In dirt and sin ye all were born,
 In sin and dirt ye all were bred;
 Not yours in truth, not yours to scorn
 The offal that is food and bed:
 Wallow until your lives be through;
 Satan's godchildren, take your due.

The master whom your fathers served
 Will bate no titlle of the wage:
 Deformed, enfeebled, and unnerved,
 Ye totter to your early age,
 And earth's embrace soon shrouds the few
 For whom the sky was never blue.

Around your life a wall is built:
 In pain and toil ye plod apart:
 The livery of your soul is guilt,
 And grief the girdle of your heart:
 For he who held you at the first
 Has curst you, and ye shall be curst.

And we, we would do something more,
 Something for you, O faces pale!
 Than those who sought your paths before,
 And labored on, content to fail,
 Well satisfied, though nothing done,
 That at the least their Heaven was won.

"Man doth not live by bread alone,"
 The full-fed bishop cried at ease;
 You asked for bread, we gave a stone;
 We have preached Christ for centuries;
 Until at last you learn to scoff,
 So few seem any better off.

Yea, half I hold myself to blame,
 That, not in pity of your cause,
 So much as in pursuit of fame,
 And ragged shreds of vain applause,
 For mine own pleasure, I rehearse
 Your sorrows in indifferent verse.

Something, but what? You cry for gold;
 And we, who have more precious grist,
 What you demand dare not withhold,
 Despite the stern economist;
 Take it: 'tis all that we can give,
 For it is all you will receive.

Take it: disperse the rich man's store;
 Take it: and satisfy your need.
 Then misbeget some millions more,
 For our posterity to feed.
 We cannot measure worlds by rule,
 Nor put a continent to school.

Live on, and learn contempt for life;
 Know terror dim, and vague mistrust;
 There comes one end to either strife;
 Time shall inhearse your fate in dust.
 And we, the sad account who keep,
 Will weep in silence—if we weep.

Spectator.

From The National Review.
SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

SOME five-and-twenty years ago, the name of Sir William Napier was, to the people of this country, a household word. Hardly a week passed in which the readers of the *Times* did not light upon some letter bearing his signature, and written in a style of which the passionate sincerity, the strange vehemence, it might be, the overflowing tenderness, could not fail to arrest attention. The fame of his great book was then still fresh. The public knew him as one of the most famous survivors of that band of officers who had helped Wellington to drive the French out of the Peninsula; and many were still alive who could tell how nobly he had shared in making the history which he afterwards so truly told. A few hero-worshippers, who saw him from day to day, as he drove his ponies in the neighborhood of Clapham, and gazed upon his massive form and his eagle face, with its half-fierce, half-tender glance and its halo of snow-white hair, might picture to themselves how he had looked when, half a century before, he had bounded up the rocks overhanging the Nivelles, and clambered, the foremost man, over the wall of the fortress of La Rhune. But now his glory is becoming dim. His "History" was not written for all time; and, with the exception of a few students of military affairs and a few lovers of good literature, the readers of our generation know it only by those isolated passages in which chronicle rises to the sublimity of epic poetry. He was not a great general, though he often allowed himself to fancy that, under happier circumstances, he too, like his brother Charles, might have led armies to victory. Moreover, his biography was so poorly written that, after the curiosity that had demanded it had died out, it could not survive to attract the interest of future readers.

Nevertheless, of William Napier tradition will long have something to say; for, though he was not a great warrior, he was an almost ideal type of the military character, and, besides, he was endowed with a genius which, if somewhat narrow, was genuine and rare. Before I knew any-

thing of his life, I had studied, until I could almost repeat them by heart, the more famous passages of his writings; and, as no historical writer was ever less impersonal, I felt that I knew him as well as any of those old friends who are always the same to us as we listen to their still yet moving voices. But when I came to read his letters, and to see how he bore himself in the mess-room and on the battle-field, in the bosom of his family and, at last, on his sick-bed, I felt for him that love which all of us to whom the past is real have felt for our heroes among the illustrious dead, and which makes us hope against hope that hereafter we may be allowed to converse with them and to see them face to face. And I was sure that, if I could succeed in drawing his portrait, even in outline, with some approach to fidelity, I should make others feel that they also had found a new friend.

Both the parents of William Napier were persons of noble birth and of remarkable personal gifts. His father, Colonel the Honorable George Napier, was descended from the inventor of logarithms and from the great Montrose. He was endowed with gigantic bodily strength and corresponding force of character; but he seems to have been one of those men who, from whatever cause, fail to win a general reputation at all commensurate with the opinion formed of them by the most discerning of their friends. One of the most striking features of his character was a disinterestedness which sometimes showed itself in a manner that, to his contemporaries in those days of corruption, must have seemed Quixotic. For example, by abolishing a system of fees which he regarded as unjust, he voluntarily reduced the emoluments of an office to which he was appointed in Ireland from £20,000 to £600 a year. Left a widower at a very early age, he had afterwards married the famous Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and great-granddaughter of Charles the Second. This lady was eight years older than her husband; but she still retained much of that beauty which, nearly twenty years before, had captivated the heart of George the Third; and the in-

tense affection which her sons felt towards her may be regarded as an indication that her nature was as beautiful as her outward form.

William Francis Patrick Napier, the third son of this marriage, was born at Celbridge, a small town on the Liffey, near Dublin, on the 17th of December, 1785. Among the great writers of our country, hardly any has owed less than he to regular education. He attended, as a day boy, a large school in his native town, the master of which appears to have been totally unfit for the profession of teaching. Nevertheless, the time which he passed here was not wholly wasted. Idle as he was, he eagerly read, and he remembered, all the romances, the histories, and the poems that he could obtain. The circumstances of his life tended, not less than his reading, to strengthen his adventurous instincts. Symptoms of the rebellion of 1798 had already begun to appear; and William's eldest brother Charles, who, though a military officer of two years' standing, was still his school-fellow, had persuaded the boys to enrol themselves as volunteers in support of the government. One day William was insubordinate on parade. Charles at once ordered him to be seized and tried by a drum-head court-martial. The court found him guilty; but he refused to accept the sentence. Thereupon the youthful commander ordered him to be drummed out of the corps. With loud shouts the boys thronged round William, who furiously hurled his marbles among them, rushed upon the drummer, smashed the drum, and challenged the foremost of his assailants, who was much bigger than himself, to fight. In the struggle which ensued William was soon beaten; but, as he would not give in, the hearts of his comrades warmed towards him, and they voted that he should be allowed to rejoin the corps.

Nor was his early knowledge of warfare derived only from the experience of school. One night, in the absence of his father, the house in which he lived was surrounded by several hundred rebels, who demanded that the arms which it contained should be given up to them; but a brave

old nurse and a butler, for both of whom the children had an ardent affection, met the demand with defiance, and stood at bay until succor arrived. When the rebellion broke out, the colonel fortified his house, and armed his five boys; and so great was the awe which he inspired, that the little citadel, though often threatened, was never attacked. Amid such stormy scenes, however, William found plenty of opportunities for the ordinary amusements of boyhood. He was constantly getting into scrapes, in company with a poacher of whom he was very fond. Lady Londonderry, a beautiful young woman, who was very intimate with his family, begged him off whenever his father threatened to punish him; and she prophesied that, though he hated his lessons, he would do something great when he was a man.

At the age of fourteen William left school to enter his father's profession. It was fortunate for him that he had not to pass an examination; for he would have had less chance of doing so than the youngest child in a modern infant school. Hardly a line in his letters was free from mistakes in spelling; and punctuation was a refinement of which he had not so much as an idea. But he had not suffered from over-pressure; his mind, following nature's prescription, had devoured and assimilated the food that suited it; and he had fought and played and run till his body had become vigorous and active as that of a young lion. Indeed, it may be said of him, as of other distinguished men whose early want of education their biographers have deplored, that he had learned what fitted him best for the work which he had to do. After passing through two regiments, he was presented by his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, with a cornetcy in the Blues, and went to Canterbury to join that regiment. But something better was in store for him. General John Moore, who was then at Shorncliffe, training the brigade which he was to make famous, offered him a lieutenancy in the 52nd Regiment. Napier accepted the offer; and Moore was so delighted with the readiness with which he gave up the high pay of the Household Brigade and the pleasures of London in order to study his pro-

fession, that from thenceforth he took a special interest in watching and assisting his progress. In 1804, Napier was made a captain in the 43rd, another of the regiments of Moore's brigade. This regiment was at that time one of the worst in the army; and Napier's company was the worst in the regiment. But the boy was resolved to become a real soldier. Before he had been three months at Shorncliffe, he was admitted to be one of the best captains in the corps; and his company was reduced to perfect order. The influence which he gained over his men was in great part due to the fact that, while vigorously enforcing their obedience, he heartily joined in all their sports. With some of his brother officers, however, his relations were less smooth. "The greatest pleasure," he wrote, "I have had since I came was, when General Moore was made a knight, to make them drink his health. My fingers itched to throw the bottles at their heads when they seemed to make difficulties about it. Had they refused, I would have by myself drunk a bumper, broken the glass on the table, and left the mess immediately." In spite, however, of disagreements like these, the years that preceded his first experience of active service were singularly happy. He yearned, indeed, to be with his mother: but he wrote to her continually; and his letters, ill-spelt and ill-written as they were, are delightful to read, now tender, now sparkling with fun, and abounding with warm expressions of love for his relations and of admiration for his chief. Fond as he was of athletic games, he spent much time in quieter pursuits, — studying military history, and amusing himself by learning to draw. At this period of his life, he was at times almost drunk with animal spirits. Many years afterwards he described how one afternoon, while staying at Putney with William Pitt, he and Lady Hester Stanhope and her two brothers had fallen in a body on their laughing host, and had ended by holding him down on the floor and blackening his face with burnt cork. Once, when engaged on special service in Ireland, he jumped over two cows standing side by side in the street of Ballina, having

been dared to perform the feat by a local beauty. But to the temptations that especially beset a young man of vigorous bodily organization, he never succumbed. Though he was so handsome and so fascinating that few women would have resisted him, though he passionately admired woman's beauty, he never injured one, — nay, he was as pure as a little child.

During these years Napier must have often chafed against the fate which forced his regiment to remain inactive while others were winning new laurels in Egypt, in Syria, and in India. But in 1807 his longing for active service was at last gratified. In the seven years that followed, — the one period of his life in which his sword was unsheathed, — he won for himself a splendid reputation as a fighting man, and, by dint of observation and reflection, acquired a practical knowledge of the military art which proved invaluable to him when he entered upon his literary labors. Having served through the expedition to Copenhagen, he embarked in 1808 with his regiment for Spain. Before the campaign opened, he stayed some days at Corunna, and during this time he often went to the theatre and to balls, where he waltzed to his heart's content with black-eyed beauties. But this short season of pleasure was followed by the stern realities of war. Within three months from the day on which the regiment marched out of Corunna, the men were retreating thither, in grievous plight, with the rest of Sir John Moore's column, pursued by Soult's battalions. Of the miseries of that retreat, Napier had his full share. For several days he had to march with bare feet, and with no clothes but a jacket and a pair of trousers; blood oozed from his feet at every step, and he must have perished, if Captain Macleod, his dearest friend, had not heard how he was suffering, and lent him a spare horse. But, being young and full of vigor, he soon recovered; and, after a short visit to England, he rejoined the army in the Peninsula. After the battle of the Coa, in which he was for the first time wounded, he was thanked on the field by General Craufurd for the gallantry and skill with which he had handled his company under

an exceptionally heavy fire. Wounded again at Casal Noval, he was selected with ten other captains, by Lord Wellington, for the brevet rank of major. With the bullet which he had received in this combat lodged ineradicably near his spine, he fought again at Fuentes d'Onoro. Ill and worn out, he was forced by Wellington to return again to England; and there, in the spring of 1812, he was married to Caroline Fox, a niece of Pitt's great rival. Three weeks after his marriage, learning that Badajoz was being besieged, he sailed the third time for Spain, but only arrived in time to hear that the assault had taken place, and that his friend Macleod, who commanded the 43rd, had perished. "Macleod is dead," he wrote to his wife, "and I am grovelling in misery and wretchedness. You must be my friend and wife and everything." Though only twenty-seven years old, he succeeded to the vacant command; but promotion obtained at such a price gave him little pleasure. His responsibility, however, was now so pressing, and he had to exert such force of mind for the fulfilment of his duty that he was obliged to forget half his sorrow. Nearly all the officers of the regiment had been killed or wounded in the assault; and the men, thus released from control, and with their savage passions inflamed by the stubborn resistance of the defenders, and their lusts satiated by drink, debauchery, and plunder, were utterly demoralized. With terrific severity, yet with a heart wrung by grief at the thought that he must punish soldiers who had braved unheard-of terrors, Napier curbed their lawless spirit; but so stubbornly did they resist his will that, on the heights of San Christoval near Salamanca, he was obliged to flog four of them within range of the enemy's guns, and while a skirmish was actually going on. Then at last they submitted. At Salamanca, leading the column which drove back General Foy's division, they advanced in line for three miles, under a constant cannonade, as steadily as at a review. At Vittoria, they marched over the richest articles of dress and furniture strewn about the field, not a man venturing to stoop and plunder. Twice again after his promotion, Napier was obliged to go to England on sick leave. He took part in the battles of the Nivelle and of Orthes; but he missed the crowning victory of Toulouse. During his six years of warfare he had been thirty times engaged on the field of battle, and three times wounded; he had gained three dec-

orations and two steps in rank; and—what he valued far more—he had won the love and admiration of every soldier in the Light Brigade.

The perfection to which Napier attained as a regimental officer was partly due to the generous and comprehensive spirit in which he regarded his duties. He did not think it enough to master the principles of warfare, to maintain perfect discipline, and so to lead his men that they should follow him into any peril; he impressed them with so deep a sense of his sympathy that they looked upon him as their friend and counsellor. Two anecdotes will show what a hold he had upon their hearts.

On the night before the battle of the Nivelle, as he lay on the ground, trying to sleep, Lieutenant Freer of the 43rd, a boy of nineteen, came to him and crept under the cover of his cloak, sobbing bitterly. Napier turned to him, and tried to soothe him. Between his sobs, the boy faltered out that he was sure he would be killed in the coming battle, and that he could not bear to think how his mother and sisters would suffer when they heard that he was dead. The presentiment was fulfilled; but it had been the boy's consolation to feel that he had opened his grief to his commander.

On the day before the storming of La Rhune, an Irish private of the 43rd, named Eccles, having committed a crime against military law, was delivered over by Napier to a court-martial, which sentenced him to corporal punishment. Napier, however, revolted against the thought that a man should be flogged who, the day after his flogging, was to be called upon to fight for his country. "I pardon you," he said to Eccles, "if you will behave well to-morrow and justify that pardon." Next morning the French batteries on the rocky mountain of La Rhune opened fire. To reach this mountain the English had to pass between a marsh and a number of rocks. Napier formed up four companies of his regiment, and gave the word to advance. Forward he sprang at his utmost speed; and the men, each of whom carried fifty pounds, sprang after him. Unencumbered himself, he kept ahead of all except one, who passed him; and, ashamed to think that that one, burdened as he was, should scale the rock before him, he strove with all his might to win back the lead. But Eccles, who was six feet three in height, mindful of the promise which he had given on the previous day, was resolved to shield his captain

from hurt; and, keeping always just before him on the right, he would not be passed, but leaped first into the rocks, and then fell exhausted.

Though, however, Napier had succeeded so remarkably, and was still quite young, there were two circumstances that quenched his early ambition to win fame as a warrior. The wound near his spine had destroyed the first vigor of his constitution, and he was in love with his wife. Towards the end of the war he wrote to her: "I find myself more inclined than ever to quit the army. My health is really so bad that my life is a perfect burden to me; pain and lowness of spirits are my constant companions; and this, added to an eager, restless impatience about you, totally unfits me for a military life. God Almighty bless you, my own darling wife! You are the only comfort I have in the world; and I am determined that no silly hankering after fame shall prevent me from profiting by that comfort."

For the greater part of the next five years, however, he was debarred from this happiness. After the close of the war, he was obliged to accompany the headquarters of his regiment, which formed part of the army of occupation in France, to Bapaume, a small town in the Pas de Calais. There for some time, and afterwards at Valenciennes, he lived till 1819. He tried to solace himself for the absence of his wife and children by studying the works of Cobbett, and painting. At length his exile was over; and he returned to England.

Although he had gained a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy before the close of the war, he was at this time only a regimental major. An opportunity of purchasing the regimental lieutenant-colonelcy soon presented itself; but, owing to poverty, he was unable to take advantage of it. He therefore went on half pay, and took a house in Sloane Street. Notwithstanding what he had said to his wife about his contempt for fame, he was haunted at times by the thought that his boyish dreams of the distinction that he might win as a soldier would never be fulfilled. He tried to distract his mind by working at painting and sculpture. Eminent artists, who saw what he produced, asserted that he might have made himself one of the first of living painters or sculptors. But he was not absorbed in his work. His genius was forcing him in another direction, though he did not yet know whither he was moving. Besides paint-

ing and modelling, he read many books and saw much of Chantrey, of Jones the painter, and of various Peninsula comrades. In 1821 he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* a very able article on Jomini's great work. But, as he himself said, the worm still gnawed.

One day, early in 1823, he went for a walk with Lord Langdale, one of his intimate friends, over some fields which are now covered by the mansions of Belgravia. The conversation turned on Southey's recently published narrative of the Peninsular War. Lord Langdale was greatly struck by Napier's remarks on the events of the struggle and the characters of the principal actors. Suddenly he asked him what he was thinking of doing. "Do you mean," replied Napier, "where am I going to dine?" "No," said Lord Langdale; "what are you thinking of turning to as an occupation?" Then he urged him to turn to literature. The article on Jomini proved that he could write. He must not waste his life in mere amusement. Why should he not write a history of the war himself?

On returning home, Napier told his wife what Lord Langdale had said, and added that he himself felt doubtful whether he was clever enough to write properly such a book as a history of the war. But she, believing firmly in her husband, encouraged him to try. For several nights he lay awake, thinking over the matter. At last his scruples were overcome by the thought that he might be able at least to vindicate the calumniated memory of Moore; and he resolved to make the attempt. Those of his acquaintances who did not really know him were surprised to hear of his intention, and remarked that, being comparatively a young man, he was presumptuous to think that he could write such a history.

Having formed his resolve, he lost no time in proceeding to execute it. First of all, he called upon the Duke of Wellington, and asked him for the loan of his papers. The duke replied that he had himself thought of writing a plain, didactic history of the war, which should be published after his death. Till then it would be impossible to make known the whole truth without giving pain to many worthy officers, whose only fault had been dulness. For these reasons he told Napier that he could not lend him his private papers; but he entrusted him with a number of important official documents, and gave him authority to obtain from the quartermaster-general, Sir George Mur-

ray, all his orders of movements. Of his own accord, he also promised to answer any questions as to matters of fact which Napier might wish to ask him in the course of his work. Murray, however, refused to let Napier have the orders of movements, stating he reserved them for a history which he himself intended to write.

After taking these preliminary steps, Napier went to Paris, to collect materials from the French side. He walked about the streets, exploring the contents of the bookstalls, and bought every book that seemed likely to be of any use to him. He also went regularly to the *Dépôt de la Guerre*, and made copious extracts from the documents which were stored on its shelves. On returning to England, he took up his abode for a time at Strathfieldsaye, for the purpose of consulting the duke. Marshal Soult, with whom, when in Paris, he had struck up an acquaintance, lent him valuable papers; he corresponded with Marshal Jourdan, and received information from officers who had served on the staff of Ney and of Massena. He also collected an immense mass of letters and journals from British officers.

In 1826 he gave up his house in London, and went to live in a village near Devizes. One of his neighbors was Tom Moore; and a warm friendship, which was destined to be permanent, soon sprang up between the two families. Among the poor of the village Napier made other friends, who loved him for the genuine sympathy with which he interested himself in their affairs, and respected him the more because they found his condescension quite untainted by arrogance. Though he often suffered acutely from the wound near his spine, he was still physically strong; and in the intervals of work he amused himself by digging in his kitchen garden. Day after day he labored on at his history; and his progress was greatly accelerated by the never-failing help of his wife. Occupied as she was by social duties and the cares of a large family, she made three successive copies of the whole manuscript of the work for the press; and, by dint of rare diligence and equally rare acuteness, she succeeded in deciphering the whole of King Joseph's secret correspondence, which had been taken at Vittoria, — a task which had baffled every expert who had previously undertaken it. The Duke of Wellington, on hearing of what she had accomplished, remarked, "I would have given twenty

thousand pounds to any person who could have done that for me in the Peninsula."

At length, in the spring of 1828, the first volume was published.

I have already hazarded the opinion that the "History of the Peninsular War" was not written for all time. This remark may need explanation. There are isolated passages in the book that will to the end sparkle among the most brilliant gems of literature, — passages that will always be read, and, whenever read, will make the hearts of readers burn within them. But I do not believe that the book, as a whole, will continue to be read, at least by general readers. Forgotten it will never be; but its life will resemble the ghostly existence of the "Faery Queen," not the godlike immortality of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The truth is that, for general readers, the book is far too long. Not the most skilful story-teller that ever lived, not even Macaulay himself, if he were alive, could induce our generation, much less future generations, to wade through a detailed narrative of the innumerable combats, sieges, marches, and counter-marches of the Peninsular War. At the same time, it is probable that, if Napier had written with greater brevity, he would have given less satisfaction to that large portion of his public, — the soldiers who had themselves acted in the scenes which he described. No fair critic would think of finding fault with the length of his descriptions of such important events as the siege of Badajoz or the battle of Albuera. My complaint is, though I make it with diffidence, that he showed little sense of proportion, that he did not know when to contract his narrative. Moreover, hardly any purely military history, even if its execution left nothing to be desired, could rival in interest a history the subject of which offered a variety of topics. Napier has been placed, by a respectable critic, in the same class with Thucydides as a military historian. But Thucydides stands higher in the class than Napier, because he was much more than a military historian. With an instinct marvellous in a contemporary writer, he saw how much, or rather how little, of the sum, the tangled web of events that made up the Peloponnesian War, was worthy of record forever; and the result has been that no part of his work has been putrefied by time, that the whole remains a *κρίμα ἐς αἰ.* His book is not only a history of the Peloponnesian War; it is the literary reflection of the eternal essence of the war itself.

Notwithstanding the fervor with which he loved and hated, Napier was thoroughly fair, at least in intention; and in the wearing toil of research he showed a persistent patience which might not have been expected from a man of such impetuous temperament. Indeed, though he asserted, with characteristic candor, that, after all his care, his book was full of lies, competent judges have pronounced that he attained almost the highest possible degree of accuracy. In his description of a battle, as a whole, there is occasionally a want of lucidity: for the needs of stupid readers he is not considerate, and he lays a heavy tax on the attention even of the more intelligent. But he describes detached portions of a battle or of a siege with incomparable vividness and power. The paragraph which describes the charge of the Fusiliers at Albuera is, I think, finer than even the short chapter describing the decisive battle in the harbor of Syracuse. Though he occasionally violates the rules of syntax, his sentences roll on with a majestic music that charms the ear even when the mind is dull; and his felicity in the choice of words, and especially of epithets, has, perhaps, never been surpassed. Of simile he was as great a master as Macaulay was of illustration, or Carlyle of metaphor. His great fault is one to which the moderns are too prone, — want of self-restraint. Thucydides, by sheer directness of representation, continually excites the emotions of his readers, while always withholding the expression of his own. Napier could not combine with his sympathy and insight such aloofness as this; but even his most irrelevant outbursts were always prompted by a noble passion.

Towards the end of 1831, Napier moved with his family from Devizes to Freshford, near Bath. During the time that had elapsed since the appearance of his first volume, he had written the second and third; but eight years passed away before the whole history was completed. Part of this time, however, he was obliged to spend in work which, though it probably afforded considerable enjoyment to his combative nature, had no value but that of proving the trustworthiness of his narrative. He experienced the common fate of writers of contemporary history. A host of officers, whose blunders in the war he had exposed, relieved their wounded feelings by attacking him in worthless pamphlets. Distracted as he was by the necessity of vindicating his accuracy, his mental force was clogged by grief for the

loss of children whom he tenderly loved, and by failing bodily strength. He was sometimes troubled by the fear that he should never be able to finish his task. "I get worse and worse," he wrote, "and I am truly tired of a life which is nothing but pain and sorrow to me."

At last, in the spring of 1840, the concluding volume was published. But, though his literary fame was established, he remarked that he felt no exultation; and at times, when he was saddened by the remembrance of those whom he had lost, he allowed himself to fancy that his life had been little better than a failure. A few months before, he had written to Lady Hester Stanhope: "Continual sorrow and continual pain have almost, if not quite unsettled my reason. . . . When I married I was sanguine and confident that I could go far in the world. Secretly I thought God had given me the head and heart of a warrior, and my body was then of iron. . . . I strive to put off the tale of my sorrows as long as possible. I have had ten children. Seven still live, six girls and a boy, but he is deaf and dumb. Three girls died, — the first young, very young; it was written. I wept for her, and so it ended. The next died at five years old. She also was deaf and dumb; and that caused her death. I will not tell you how; I cannot; but twelve years ago she died, and I have not been as I should be since. Should I tell you how more than human her beauty was, and how exquisite her intelligence, you would not believe me; but, though I am at times insane, I am not doting."

The rare love which he bore his children was, indeed, manifested in daily acts, the most characteristic of which his daughters delighted in describing to his biographer. Once, in the Peninsula days, when he returned from Spain on sick leave, his youngest child, a baby of twelve months old, was so frightened by the sight of his moustache that, whenever he tried to kiss her, she put up her hands to push him away. Though he was quite a young man and singularly handsome, he shaved it off, that he might not lose the pleasure of kissing her. Another of his daughters, when a little girl, was often harassed by frightful dreams. She slept in a room next her parents'; and, whenever her father heard her beginning to cry, he would get out of bed, go into her room, and, taking her up in his arms, walk with her up and down till he had soothed her to sleep. Nor did he bestow his affection only upon his own children. One day,

while walking in the country near Freshford, he met a little girl, sobbing over a broken bowl. She told him that, when she got home, she would be whipped: but suddenly she looked up at him and said, "But yee can mend it, can't 'ee?" He told her that he was afraid he could not, but that he would give her sixpence to buy a new bowl. Finding, however, that he had no money in his pocket, he promised to meet her on the same spot and at the same time next day. The child went off quite happy. On returning home, Napier found awaiting him an invitation to dine in Bath the next evening to meet a person whom he particularly wished to see. He at once thought of his little friend. Would it be possible for him to go and meet her, and then to return in time for the dinner? Finding that it would be impossible, he wrote to decline the invitation, remarking to his daughters, "I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me so implicitly."

During a great part of the time in which he was writing his history, Napier took as active a part in politics as his circumstances would allow. He made a number of speeches at Devizes and Bath in favor of reform. He was not an orator of the first rank; but, though he was often hurried by the torrent of his indignation and of his sympathy for suffering into rash utterance, he always spoke what he believed to be true. His eloquence, the effect of which was multiplied by a sonorous voice and a noble presence, created so strong and general an impression of his power, earnestness, and devotion to the welfare of the people, that the Liberals of Bath, Nottingham, and Glasgow successively asked him to come forward as a candidate for their respective constituencies. All these offers, however, deeply as they gratified his self esteem, he felt it his duty to decline, partly on the ground of poverty, and partly because he knew that it would be impossible for him to finish his history without neglecting the work of a member of Parliament.

Comparatively obscure as was the part which he played in political life, there is an aspect in which his political opinions have a permanent interest. He called himself a Radical, and he was one; but his Radicalism would hardly have satisfied the inquisitors of a caucus. He was able to co-operate generally, though not invariably, with his Radical contemporaries; but he was not a docile party man. He belonged, if I am not mistaken, to that small and generally impracticable

class of politicians who, while really consistent, would nevertheless, at any particular crisis, attach themselves to one party or to the other, according as the objects of either appeared to be, on the whole, the more desirable. He was a Radical, because his heart, overflowing with love and sympathy for his suffering fellow-men, was indignant at the thought that, while there were great political, social, and religious wrongs clamoring for redress, apathy and opposition to reform prevailed in high places. But had his lot been cast in a time when imperial interests were at stake, — when he would have had to choose between advocating retrenchment and advocating a free expenditure of money in defence of the honor and the just interests of his country, — he would have told the tax-payers to their faces that they must make sacrifices if they would keep their liberty; and he would have made them believe him. If sympathy made him a democrat, he was also a patriot, not only from martial ardor, not only from pride in his country's history, but also because he knew that, unless democracy were animated by patriotism, democracy would, sooner or later, be swept out of existence. "I like not republicanism," he wrote, in a letter to Lady Hester Stanhope; "I desire to see men of all classes as God designed them to be, free in thought and unabashed in mien, but virtuous and obedient to the just institutions of society." In the spirit which these words expressed, he, who loved and was beloved by British soldiers, who, of all men, spoke and wrote most powerfully in their behalf, pleaded for the retention of flogging in the army as essential to the preservation of military discipline, in words that would find no favor with modern Radicals. "If," he wrote to his wife, "you have democratic institutions not calculated to support a standing army, in the midst of other standing armies and nations hating democracy, then you will be trampled upon; you must conform to what the world forces you to conform to. It would be a fine government that handed you over to the first invader, and then consoled you by saying, 'You are now slaves, but you were free and well governed for a little time.'"

Towards the end of 1841, Napier became a major-general; and early in the following year he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Guernsey. The five years which he passed there were the most stormy of his life. The entire judicial power in the island belonged to the Royal

Court, an assembly of fifteen members. These functionaries, who, in addition to their judicial powers, claimed the chief executive authority, were invariably selected from the principal families, all of whom were closely related to each other by ties of blood. Being irresponsible, they often used their power to oppress the inferior population. The sight of this injustice roused Napier to fierce indignation; and he instantly attacked what he regarded as the anomalous power of the dominant clique. The result was that, during his whole term of office, he was involved in conflicts with them, and became the object of their bitter dislike. The poorer classes, on the other hand, liked and respected him, and, whenever he travelled through the island, greeted him with the warmest good-will. Though he now suffered incessant pain, and could no longer walk a mile without difficulty, though he felt himself to be approaching old age, he worked as hard as if he had been trying to force himself for the first time into public notice. Nor did he fail, in spite of the opposition of his enemies, to achieve some durable results. He influenced the adoption by the States of the island of a new and beneficent constitution; he reorganized and re-armed the militia; he procured the appointment of a royal commission to inquire into the civil and criminal laws; and he devised for the Channel Islands a system of defence which was adopted by the English government. At the beginning of 1848 he resigned his office. Soon afterwards he received the command of the 27th Regiment, and was made a Knight Commander of the Bath; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the greater part of the inhabitants of Guernsey felt that in him they had lost a true and strong friend.

In the midst of the toil and strife of his administration, he had found time to write another book. He wrote it, as he had written his history, in the spirit of a knight-errant, his motive now being to vindicate the fame of his brother Charles, as before it had been to vindicate the fame of Moore. The conquest of Scinde and the controversies which it provoked between Sir Charles Napier and James Outram and their respective partisans, are now half forgotten; but among contemporaries they excited a keen interest. The conqueror of Meeanee and of Hyderabad was bitterly attacked by the Bombay press and by the Court of Directors; and Napier, burning with scorn and indignation against these assailants, and re-

solving to prove that their charges were false and malicious, and that his beloved brother was a great general and a great statesman, wrote the "Conquest of Scinde." Animated by such a spirit as this, the narrative often strayed into untruth and unfairness; it lacked the rare merit of pure objectivity; and its splendid eloquence was marred by attacks upon honorable men, the injustice of which was only to be palliated by the wounded fraternal love which prompted them. But it would be superfluous to criticise, as a work of art, a book the length of which was out of all proportion to the permanent importance of its subject, and which was conceived as a gigantic vindication or polemical tract rather than as a history. Pamela, Lady Campbell, the beautiful and gifted daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Napier regarded as a sister, pronounced upon it a judgment which perhaps expressed the opinion of the majority of those who read it. "Your attack," she said, "is done in a masterly manner; but you need not shake your enemy so when you have him by the throat. It is not noble to turn the vial of your wrath upside down, that no drop of bitterness may be lost."

The vials of his wrath and of his love were indeed ever flowing, and ever full; and the springs from which the two were replenished, were not far apart. For the rest of his life he lived mainly to glorify his brother, and to vilify both his brother's enemies and his honest opponents. In 1849 he moved with his wife and daughters to Scinde House in Clapham Park, where he remained till his death. Here he wrote the "Administration of Scinde," of which Carlyle said, "It is a book which every living Englishman would be the better for reading." In 1853 Sir Charles Napier died. The funeral, which took place at Portsmouth, was voluntarily attended by the lords of the admiralty, the naval officers of the port, and the whole of the troops forming the garrison. Conspicuous among the mourners walked William Napier, his still massive frame bent by age and suffering, his white hair and beard streaming in the wind. As he stood by the grave, he strove to thank the thousands who were doing honor to his brother's memory; but his voice was all but choked by his sobs. "Soldiers," he faltered out, "there lies one of the best men, — the best soldiers, — the best Christians, — that ever lived. He served you faithfully, and you served him faithfully. God is just." During the week

that preceded the funeral, he had been trying to escape his sorrow by preparing for the press a book which his brother had written; and, as soon as he had completed this task, he began to arrange the materials for his biography. While he was engaged in writing it a succession of heavy blows smote him. His brother Henry, the author of the "History of Florence," died towards the end of 1853. Of his old Peninsula comrades, his brother Sir George, Lord Raglan, and Lord Hardinge died within eighteen months; and in the same period another of his daughters, after a lingering and painful illness, was taken from him. He had watched her for months bearing her pain with faithful patience; and by her example he had learned to chasten his impetuous spirit. Thinking of a bygone time, when he and his lost comrades had been young, he wrote to a friend: "This is the anniversary of the battle of Nivelles, in which I won my lieutenant-colonelcy. I was then strong and swift of foot; only one man got into the rocks of La Rhune before me, and he was but a step; yet eight hundred noble veterans, strong as lions, were striving madly to be first. I am now old, feeble, bent, miserable; and my eyes are dim, very dim with weeping for my lost child."

But neither age nor sorrow could weaken the energy of his mind, or wither the freshness of his sympathy. Working all the harder for his grief, he published the first two volumes of his brother's "Life" in 1857. Marred by faults of the same kind and of the same origin as those which had pained the readers of the "Conquest of Scinde," the book, nevertheless, abounded in passages of fiery eloquence; and an incident which followed its publication showed with what generous frankness Napier could acknowledge, with what passionate repentance he could expiate, even an unpremeditated wrong. Mrs. Outram, whose eldest son he had thoughtlessly calumniated, wrote to rebuke him for the wound he had inflicted upon her. On receiving her letter, he threw himself upon the ground, weeping bitterly. "Your solemn and, to me, terrible letter," he wrote back to her, "has reached me, and to it I can give no answer. I hope God will pardon the pain I have given you, though unintentional. I pray God may alleviate the suffering of your aged heart and the self-reproach I feel."

For some years past he had been quite unable to walk; and his only exercise had been driving in a carriage drawn by a

pair of dun ponies, of which he was very fond. Often in the course of his drives he would stop to give alms to beggars who seemed to be really in want; and if, from absorption in thought, he chanced to pass them by, he would presently turn back and look for them. In the autumn of 1858 he was seized by so violent an illness that for some weeks his recovery was despaired of; and, though his great strength beat off the attack, he was never again able to leave his bedroom, except to be carried down to the carriage when the weather was fine enough to admit of his going out. He had a devoted servant, named George Gould, who remained by his bedside night after night, and ministered to all his wants. Once, when pain had for a moment conquered his self-control, he spoke sharply to this man; presently, however, he began to reproach himself for his impatience, and urged that a message should be sent to him to beg his forgiveness. In the intervals of his paroxysms, he still talked, particularly on the great men of all ages, with such flashes of insight and such sympathetic force, that to sit with him was a pleasure. Throughout the next year he continued to write letters to the *Times*, and to correspond with public men, on the subject of national defence and other matters of public interest; and when he could no longer sit up to hold his pen, he forced himself to master the letters which he received, and to dictate replies.

But his course was nearly run. One day, towards the end of 1859, he was told that Lady Napier had been seized with a sudden insensibility, and that it was doubtful whether she would ever rally. The announcement shattered his vital power and his love of life. Loathing and rejecting the food that was offered him, he turned his face to the wall, and abandoned his strong heart to stronger grief. For some days he would see no one. At last one of his sons-in-law arrived at the house, and went into his room. The dying man lay weeping; he was thinking, he said, of forty-eight years of married happiness now drawing to its end. But, as the days went by, his bodily suffering left him. On Sunday morning, the 12th of February, as he was evidently about to die, his wife's sofa was wheeled into his room and placed beside his bed: there she lay for an hour. He did not speak; but she said that she was sure he knew her. About four o'clock in the afternoon he imperceptibly ceased to breathe.

He was buried at Norwood; and among

many distinguished veterans of the Light Division who stood uncovered beside his open grave, there was one soldier whose name may be specially recorded. Twenty-one years before, at Bath, Napier had made the acquaintance of Shadrach Byfield, a war-worn pensioner, late of the 41st Regiment, and, having obtained for him an increase of pay, sent him every year an allowance of money. The old man, on hearing of his benefactor's death, had journeyed specially from Bath to attend his funeral.

Those who may look at this sketch of Sir William Napier's life will feel, perhaps, that, if it had been truly drawn, it would have been crossed by more and darker shadows. If, however, the portrait is unfaithful, the fault must be charged to my authorities and to my failure of insight, not to my will. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the abundance of a man's good deeds, the fewness of his positive sins of commission or of omission, even the purity of his thoughts, do not of themselves constitute an approach even to such a degree of perfection as is attainable in this world. The highest men are those who, like a great soldier of our own day, strive ever, in sympathy with the passionate aspiration of à Kempis, to forsake themselves, and go wholly from themselves, and retain nothing of self-love, and even then grieve that they are unprofitable servants. Of the few whose charity and purity and brave struggle to realize their ideals the world is ever ready to admire, only a very few do not, like the young man whom Jesus loved, shrink appalled as they contemplate the magnitude of this last effort; and Napier sorrowfully acknowledged that for him it had been too great. But for the rest, his faults were only the exaggerations of his virtues; and, because his heart was so great, in sympathy with it every generous heart will beat the stronger; some spirits, perhaps, will be quickened by learning how he lived.

T. R. E. HOLMES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. DYMOND.

BY MRS. RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTERWARDS.

AMONG the many who appeared to show their respect to the good colonel's memory was Mr. Marney, in a shining and

easy suit of deepest black, an appearance of profoundest grief tempered by resignation, to which a new hat swathed in crape greatly contributed. Aunt Fanny, strange to say, was somewhat taken by Mr. Marney; his frankness (how Susy loathed it!), his respectful sympathy, his intelligent grasp of the situation, of the many youthful failings to which, with all his affection for his wife's daughter, he could not be blind, his full appreciation of the good colonel's strange infatuation, his easy compliments, his amusing little jokes at his wife and family, uttered in a subdued voice as befitted the circumstances, all amused Miss Bolsover, who accepted his odious compliments to Tempy's indignant amazement.

Susy had not asked Mr. Marney to come; he was no guest of hers; she was unaffected in her grief, unselfish, anxious to spare others. She would have come down had it been necessary, but hearing of her stepfather's presence, she kept away, up stairs by Jo's bedside, or in her own room, silent, and apart in her sorrow. Some instinct seems to warn simple and defenceless creatures of the dangers of beasts of prey.

Meanwhile, in Jo's absence, Miss Bolsover received the company, gave every possible direction. She was in her element. Pens, ink, and paper, her flowing hand and spreading sheets of platitudes, surrounded by broad edges of black, filled the post-bags to the brim. Mr. Bolsover, all crushed somehow, sat dolefully dozing or smoking in his cozy gun-room. Mrs. Bolsover came there too for comfort, or moped silent and apart. Sometimes she went over to the Place. Susy liked to have her there. Aunt Car would come in looking old and scared into the little boudoir where Susy sat alone. The young widow used to run to meet her, and without a word would put little Phrasie on her knee.

Charlie Bolsover was present at his uncle's funeral, naturally and unaffectedly shocked and overcome, and yet not unnaturally thinking still more of Tempy than of his uncle, who had dealt hard measure to him and never done him justice. He had but a few hours to remain at Tarn-dale, and he had determined to come and go without obtruding his own personal feelings either upon Tempy or her step-mother. But man's resolves, especially Charlie's, are apt to be carried by the tide of the moment, and the sight of poor Tempy in her black with her wistful looks was too much for his philosophy. He

came up to the house late in the afternoon of the funeral day, hoping for another sight of her. She was alone in the drawing-room.

And then it happened that when Charlie would have gone up to her, Tempy for the first time in all her life drew back, shrunk from him; she glanced at him, and then dared not look again.

"Tempy!" he said.

She did not look up, but she stood pale and frozen, with averted eyes.

"Go, Charlie," she said at last. "This is no time to think of our selfish wishes; ours have been selfish. I see how wrong — how wrong I was all along. Go, dear Charlie," she said, covering her eyes with her hand. "Go," she repeated angrily. "Do you hear me?" Her overstrung nerves were almost beyond her control.

"I hear you," said Charlie, turning sick and pale; "you do not mean it, Tempy."

"Yes, I mean it, I mean it," Tempy cried. "Why do you doubt it? Go, I tell you; go."

Charlie stood as if some gun had been fired at him; he tried to speak; no words came. With one look he turned and walked straight out of the room. Tempy waited for an instant, heard the front door shut, then sank into the first chair. When Susy came to look for her, she found the girl still sitting in the semi-darkness on a chair against the wall. She had not moved since Charlie had left her an hour before. Seeing Susy she looked up.

"You are satisfied," she said; "I have done as papa wished. I have sent Charlie away."

She spoke in a thick, dazed way, which frightened her stepmother.

"Your father wished it," Susy repeated faltering. "Dear Tempy, you could not go against his will. He loved us so — no wonder we loved him;" and Susy took Tempy's cold hand and put her arm round her neck.

"You did not love him as I did," said Tempy, tearing her hand away and flashing her blue eyes at her young stepmother. "He loved you, but you did not deserve it, and Charlie loves me and I do not deserve it." The girl was in a frenzy of grief and despair.

"Ah, papa thought I did not care for him because I loved Charlie," cried Tempy; "but I have given poor Charlie up for papa. I let him go, I let him go, and now I am all by myself. They are both gone, both gone; they will never come any more," and she wrung her two hands.

Susy stood in silence listening to the

girl's reproaches. Were they deserved? She did not know; she did not ask. For the first time she felt herself alone, silent, helpless, as people feel who have to learn to live anew, without the strength of long use to hold by.

"O Tempy!" Susy said at last, "I do honor you; I can only feel you have done right. Let us put all doubts and perplexities away just for the present and wait. In a little time everything will seem more clear." And Tempy took heart somehow once more. Susy's cordials were more to her mind than Aunt Fanny's chloral.

The next day the blinds were up, Miss Bolsover in bugles and crape, was still occupied with her own and everybody else's feelings, giving every possible direction in the conduct of affairs. Charlie and Mr. Marney had departed. Tempy's tears were flowing; but that explanation with her stepmother had taken some of the bitterness from her heart. She had done what she could. She sat in Jo's room, languid, by an open window, looking across the gardens and the lake, and the beautiful smiling valley. The valley itself, the fringed hills, the moorlands which inclosed them, were all a part of Jo's inheritance.

There are also other things entailed besides farms and country estates which parents leave behind them. They leave their lives to their children, as well as their savings, and their looks and family characteristics. Jo and Tempy inherited among other things their father's directness and simplicity of character, and his upright and honorable name, and the memory of his many kind and liberal actions.

When the will was read, it was found that the colonel had left a legacy of £5,000 to each of his daughters, and £1,000 a year to his widow during her widowhood. Subject to these charges, and various legacies enumerated, he bequeathed the whole of his property to his son. Jo and Tempy also inherited their mother's property, which had been settled on them at his marriage.

Strangely enough, the colonel had added a codicil to his will on the very day of the fatal accident, for he had called at his solicitor's while waiting at Countyside for Jo's train. By this codicil, the colonel executed a power of appointment contained in the settlement made on his marriage with his first wife, and appointed the trust funds in equal shares to his son and daughter; but he made a proviso that the whole of that property should go to

Josselin in the event of his daughter Tempy marrying under twenty-one without the consent of her guardian; and he appointed his widow, Mrs. Susanna Dymond, to be the sole guardian of his three children.

In the event of Mrs. Dymond's re-marriage, she was to give up her right to her jointure as well as to the guardianship of the elder children. This provision, which seemed of little importance, was not in the codicil but in the will, and had been suggested by the family solicitor. The good, loyal old colonel was indignant at the time at something his sisters had said, and which the family adviser had quoted; and protesting his wife's indifference to money, had agreed to the clause without wasting much thought upon future possibilities. Susy had never cared for money, of that he required no assurance, and as for re-marriage, what should she want to marry again for? she was much better at home at the Place, looking after Phrasie and the other two, thought the colonel to himself, to say nothing of poor Mrs. Marney and her boys. The kind old son-in-law had left Mrs. Marney a hundred-pound legacy as a token of friendly regard, together with a small sum to each of the boys; and there were legacies to his sister and her husband, and to his sister-in-law. Miss Bolsover was offended by the portion which came to her share. Mr. Marney was also disappointed, and made no secret of his irritation. It was a shabby concern, he said, from beginning to end. What is a hundred pounds? A mere nothing; and we owe it all and more too. The boys' £50 won't find them in boots for six months to come. As for Susy and her beggarly jointure, she may marry again and lose it all to-morrow.

"Susy won't marry; she knows there is her brothers' education," said Mrs. Marney, with anxious conviction. "She has Micky and Dermv to consider now, and she is not one to forget her own people. We all know the colonel's wishes, and that he meant them to be properly taught."

"It would have been more to the purpose if the old boy had written his wishes down on lawyer's paper, with a couple of witnesses to see them carried out," said Marney. "I call it a d—d unbusiness-like proceeding, to say nothing of having to pay madame, as you propose. I'm getting out of patience with her endless —"

"Oh, Michael!" said poor Mary reproachfully; "Madame lent me £20 last month; it is not for the rent only!"

Not without difficulty was Micky's leg-

acy reserved for Madame's just claim. If it had not been for her genuine love for the little boys and their mother, Madame du Parc, the sturdy and methodical, would long ago have got rid of her unpunctual lodgers, but she had grown to love the children, and, above all, the poor lady, whose troubles, little by little, had become her own.

Susy wrote to her mother at once, telling her of herself and of all in her home, promising to provide for the boys' schooling as heretofore. She was to keep house for Jo, and she had no expense and plenty of spare money, she said, and she knew that John in his kindness would have wished her to continue what he had so generously begun. She missed him sorely, mourned him with a tender, grateful heart; she seemed at first scarcely able to live without him, or to have a wish, or to be able to settle the commonest things. He had been a man of methodical habits; he had ruled his household, and drilled Susanna to his own ideas; she had never stood alone. We know she was young and yielding and easy by nature; she had learnt from him to sort out and arrange her life, her events and friends, her feelings and hospitality — to use certain stock phrases to herself, which she thought she believed in. Now that he was gone, it seemed to Susy as if she had become forever what she had tried to be before.

"*Elle était plus femme que les autres femmes*" has often been quoted, and never too often; surely it applied to my heroine as she sat in her corner by Jo's sofa a few weeks after her husband's death. Jo looked haggard, but he was nearly well. Susy in black and in her widow's cap looked far more beautiful than in her colored fashionable dresses — younger, gentler, less reserved. The western sunshine was coming in at the open window. Jo had fallen asleep, and in the stillness, as Susy sat in the low chair by his couch, she could also hear the voice of her little Phrasie at play in the garden without, and the hum in the distant field, and the sounds coming across the lake.

Josselin liked to have his stepmother near him. Susanna had that gift which belongs to some people for taking care of sick people. Tempy was too abrupt and nervous from very affection. Miss Bolsover fussed; she also wanted to do too much. Jo found in his stepmother the most comforting of nurses. "I do believe she's made of sticking plaster," he used to say. Day by day his strength seemed to

return, his burning eyes became clear and soft. He rarely spoke of the accident; but he told them once for all what he could remember of it. His father, who was driving, had suddenly fainted or fallen from his seat; as he fell, the horse was startled; Jo, trying to catch the reins, had been thrown from his seat. He lost consciousness; once he revived enough to hear George Tyson saying, "The boat be there, shall we take them home?" and then all was as nothing once more, until he awoke in his own bed with Tempy hanging over him.

Nobody pretended to be anxious any longer. Jeffries grinned satisfaction at his patient's progress. When Aunt Fanny suddenly appeared with the barouche, announcing that change was now necessary, and that she had come to carry Jo off then and there, broken bones and all, to the Hall, Jo worked himself into a passion. He didn't want to go, he was much better at home. He gave an unearthly groan when his aunt advanced to persuade him in her most dulcet tones.

"You may as well say at once, Jo, that new things have bewitched you, that flattery has divided you from old friends, that your old home has lost all interest for you," said Aunt Fanny, greatly startled by his noise, and fairly losing her temper and her eternal melodious inflections.

"I don't want to be tortured all the way from this to the Hall," cried Jo with condoning crossness. "Flattery! why, don't you flatter me? you and Aunt Car too!" And then Aunt Fanny leaves the room, followed by Tempy in tears trying to soothe her.

Poor Tempy! tears came very easily to her eyes now.

"I don't know what has come to Jo and Tempy," said Miss Bolsover, exasperated, on her return. "The influence she has gained over them is most painful, and scarcely to be believed."

"Ha! petticoat influence," says Mr. Bolsover rashly; "we all know what that is—a very powerful thing; I myself could imagine it difficult to resist Susanna at times."

Miss Bolsover goes into a peal of silvery laughter. "Another victim! I told you so, Caroline; another of her victims."

"I don't know about that," says Mrs. Bolsover, speaking to herself, in her odd mumbling way. "Victims, victims; Fanny has had plenty of victims in her days, now she is too old and too fat to charm people any more."

"H'm, h'm! A-h'm, my dear!" says Frederick with warning signs.

So Miss Bolsover fortunately kept away, indignant almost beyond words or expression. Mr. Bolsover did not come very often, but when he appeared it was generally with a chastened look, which suggested vicarious suffering.

Then things settled down in their new state; Charlie returned no more to Bolsover, Jo went back to college; seasons passed on their course, winter followed the autumn. It was a cold and bitter season. Tempy and her stepmother kept indoors and by the warm fires, while the winds whistled shrill and the snow fell upon the surrounding fells and moors. But Phrasie, a frolicsome little breath of comfort and new hope, would come flying to their arms, and when the winter was gone and the soft spring came, piercing the frozen ground, Jo, returning home for the Easter vacation, found Micky and Dermie also established for their holidays at Crowbeck, and Susy in some perplexity as to what she should do with them and how they were to be conveyed home to their mother. It was Josselin who suggested something which every one agreed to then and there without discussion. They all wanted change of scene, he said; they all shrank from London and from Wimpole Street. "You would like to see your mother, wouldn't you, Mrs. Dymond?" said he. "Why cannot we take the boys over?" Even Tempy brightened up and approved of the suggestion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT A WINDOW.

ONE night, as if by magic, the whole party found itself neatly packed away in a little omnibus at Paris, coming from the Northern Station, where Mrs. Marney had met her boys, and carried them off home to Neuilly in joyful triumph.

The rest of the party were meanwhile jogging deliberately over the stones to the hotel, Phrasie asleep in her mother's arms. Wilkins was buried beneath the parcels and shawls and umbrellas which well-bred people always carry wherever they go.

Jo and Tempy, with their heads out of the windows, were exclaiming, while the shops jolted past, and people and lights and public buildings ablaze, followed by black spaces crossed with lines of lamps. Finally, the omnibus turned into a narrow street out of a wider thoroughfare.

How familiar the echo of the wheels between the high houses sounded to Susy's ears!

More lights flash; the omnibus stops; the landlord and landlady appear in the doorway, the newly arrived company is officiously escorted and assisted up the narrow staircase to its apartments; the cloth is laid, the candles are lighted; Phrasie's room and Susy's room are on either side of the sitting-room; Jo and Tempy find themselves established across the landing, with tall windows shaded by muslin blinds and red curtains, and all the echoes of Paris without.

The hotel had been recommended by Madame du Parc as quiet and convenient. Their apartments were on the third floor, small enough and shabby enough compared to the splendor of Crowbeck Place; but Mrs. Dymond suddenly felt as if she should like nothing so well as to spend all that remained to her of her life in this little noisy place. She had seen her little Phrasie laid snug and peaceful in her bed; she had unpacked some of the many bags and parcels (how many more she had to unpack of different shapes and sizes than when she had first come to Paris some four years ago!). Her own bed was in a curtained alcove, with griffin claws to hang the curtains to; a grey marble table stood in the centre of the room; the prints on the walls were of Napoleon, and Poniatowski in Polish boots and a blue helmet; the walls were of faded red, shabby even by candle-light. Susanna thought the place a little paradise. Shabbiness is as much of a treat to people overdone with luxury as a silk gown is to a little Cinderella out of the ashes.

Susy opened her casement wide and leaned out, gazing straight down the dark precipice of walls and windows beneath her own, with the sense of new breath and life which most people feel when they breathe the pleasant foreign air.

With a breath of relief she leaned out farther and farther, looking up and down the chattering, half-lighted street, at the people passing by, so indifferent and unconscious of her existence, at the lamps radiating from the broad boulevard beyond. There was some heap of shadowy blackness at the other end of the street, but Susy had to wait till morning light to realize that the black shadow was that of the Church of St. Roch.

"Susy, Susy, come to supper," cries Tempy from the next room, where she and Josselin are already hungrily established, and beginning to help the fishes

and fried potatoes by the light of the two tall tapers.

Very early next morning Susanna woke again, for she had not closed her window all the night, and the sun was shining in with dazzling rays. All the world's voice seemed calling up to her from the street below; water, fruit, flowers, old clothes, were being proclaimed with different intonations. Now by the bright daylight as she leaned against the wooden bar, she could see into the stone depths below on either side of the narrow street and the tall houses rising with their many balconies and shutters. The Rue du Dauphin is a sort of sunshine trap leading to the Tuileries gardens, all festive with spring behind the railing and set with orange-trees, beyond which the glittering mansard roofs and pinnacles of the old palace, where the Henriens and Louises ruled so long, to be followed by the Napoleons. At the other end of the street the Church of St. Roch was standing in the early shadow still, like some huge mountain with flaming peaks. Already its doors were swinging, and people were ascending and descending the great flights of steps; the bells were tolling, the clocks were chiming, the people going in and coming out to their work again; the old women were sitting huddled, with their cloaks and their foot-warmers, at the church doors, with chaplets and religious newspapers to sell; the carts and omnibuses had long since been rolling; the indescribably gay and busy chorus reached the travellers in their high lodging.

The little party could scarcely tear itself away from the windows through which so much was to be seen and heard. Mrs. Marney had promised to come to Susy, for Marney was starting off on some one of his expeditions, and she meant to join her at the hotel with the boys. Josselin went out, but Susy and Tempy, with Phrasie between them, absorbed in the contemplation of another little girl at play on a balcony opposite, spent their first morning looking out of window. As the day went on the company became more and more varied; they watched the Frenchwomen floating by, walking with quick and pretty steps and with neat black skirts, leading children drolly attired, elaborate and bedizened, and well-mannered. "Mamma, look at the funny boy," says Phrasie, pointing to a little fellow with an enormous collar covered with anchors and emblems, who was advancing up the street with a dignified and monkey-like bearing. The country nurses also go by with their

bambinos and long cloaks and cap ribbons; coachmen jog past with their white oil-cloth hats; a gendarme passes, cocked hat, epaulettes, white gloves and all, arm-in-arm with his wife; finally, up come Dermv and Micky at a trot. Susy, seeing the little boys down below, followed by her mother, who had stopped to speak to somebody in the street, went to the door and looked over the stairs, as people do who are on a holiday with time to look out for one another. Mrs. Marney came toiling up the winding staircase, breathless, but still conversing.

"Do come up. Come up, I tell you," Susy heard her say. "My daughter will like to see you, and we can arrange our plans."

She heard the little boys also joining hospitably from below: "M. Max, do—do come; you *shall* not go," from Dermv; and then Mrs. Marney, looking up, sees Mrs. Dymond on the landing, and calls,—"Here we are, Susanna; we are bringing Max du Parc to see you."

Susanna retreated gently and rather shyly into the dignified safeguard of her own room, whither they all followed her, chattering and clattering up the wooden staircase. They brought with them Du Parc, who had not meant to come in, but who could not help himself, for Mrs. Marney went ahead announcing him, while one boy held firm by his coat tails, and the other by his hand. Susy, willing to please her mother, and to show her guest that she was not unmindful of all his kindness to her family, came forward in her crape and blackness with her hand out. Du Parc, who was shy and French, bowed very low without noticing the friendly gesture and the outstretched hand, and then Susy seemed to remember suddenly how stiffly he had always met her advances. She blushed, withdrew, and turned shy in an instant, and the young man saw with surprise that the color was rising in her pale cheeks. He had imagined her belonging to another world and phase of life far distant from his own simple estate, and absolutely indifferent to his presence or absence. Was it possible that such blushes sometimes flashed out of marble statues—that such looks sometimes brighten and then die away, when the gods come in contact with mortal beings?

The little party started forth that morning, as so many have done before and since, with open eyes for the new sights and men and manners—Jo, Tempy, Susanna by her mother, and the two boys

walking on either side of Du Parc, who was on his way to a bookseller's in the Rue du Bac. What a walk it was across the gardens by the great Place of the Carrousel, with its triumphal mythology! then by the quais and the noble chain of palaces they reach the river, and so cross the bridge to the Quai Voltaire, where Mrs. Marney had some mysterious business to transact for Marney at a furniture dealer's. It began with some discussion on the doorstep, it had then to be carried on in private into the dimmer recesses of the store among the bloated chairs, the gilt and ornamented legs of the Capet dynasty, and the prim, slim, stunted graces of the early Napoleonic times. Whatever it was (Susy would not ask what it was), the discussion took a long and confidentially explosive turn, but the young folks waiting outside upon the quai were in no hurry. They watched the river and the steamers and the crowds upon the quai, where the lime-trees were coming into leaf—where shops were in full flower, and the many twinkling windows were full of varied hues and shapes. Curious, wonderful, century-old stores of goods, scattered from the past, lined these streets and shop fronts. Looking-glasses reflecting the blouses and the white caps passing by in the place of courtly splendors, silent music in tattered covers, timeless clocks, flower-pots empty of flowers, uncut books, fans which had been lying asleep for a hundred years still ready at a touch to start into fluttering life, wreaths of lovely old lace,—there were wonders galore to amuse the country ladies. Susy looked with longing eyes at the delicate festoons and ivory-looking heaps. The Mechlin, with its light sprays flowering on soft net, carelessly thrown into a china bowl; the point d'Alençon, like jeweller's work, chased upon the delicate honeycomb, devised by the human bees, who had worked at it year after year. Perhaps some florid scroll from Italy would be hanging from a rusty nail, with careful pattern travelling from one tendril to another.

"What lovely lace!" cried Susanna. "Look, Tempy, at the shells upon it; how exquisite they are!"

"Shall I ask the price for you?" says Tempy, instantly bursting into the low shop with its dark panes, where an old Rembrandt-like woman sits keeping watch. "*Combien?*" cries Tempy, in her confident British tones.

"Four hundred francs!"

"*Bocoo tro!*" cries the young lady,

dashing out again into the warm sunshine.

"Did you ever hear of such extortion?" cries Tempy, whose experience of lace does not reach very much beyond her tuckers.

"It is a great deal of money," says Susanna.

"Quite out of the question, Susanna," cries Tempy decidedly, and her step-mother blushed a little at the rebuke.

Sometimes Tempy's voice sounds so like the colonel's that Susy could almost imagine he was there to control her still.

"Why is it quite out of the question?" says Jo, stopping short; "sixteen pounds won't ruin the family altogether. What did your new habit cost, Tempy?"

"A habit!" says Tempy, with a laugh, "that is something one really cares to have; but Susanna will not care to wear lace again, Josselin."

"Aunt Fanny is all over lace, and stuffed birds, and things," says Jo.

"She is not a widow," said Tempy gravely. "Jo, you should remember before you say such things."

Mrs. Marney came out of her shop at that minute, and Max du Parc, who seemed only to have waited for her return, took leave of the party. They asked him to come again. He hesitated, and suddenly said yes, he would come, and he walked away with a swinging step along the quay. They saw him disappearing under the lime-trees, looking across the river as he went along.

CHAPTER XIX.

INCENSE AND VIOLETS

Du Parc came, shyly at first, because they had asked him to do so, but very soon he got into the habit of coming as a matter of course. The English ladies were not used to Paris and its ways. Du Parc acted as their guide and leader, thanks to whom they enjoyed many a pleasant expedition and sight of the old city, many an amusing experience. They had one other acquaintance, a Mr. Bagginall, at the Embassy, who was from their own country and glad to be of use to them; but Max knew more of Paris and of its aspects than the young *attaché*, who moved in fashionable and restricted circles, and brought invitations, and callers, and bouquets, but who was of little use as a cicerone.

How delightful is the dinning sound of a melodious church bell going in the early morning sunshine! it comes floating into

the room and seems to be a part of the very morning and of its joy, a hint of other things to heighten the feast of life.

"Well," says Mrs. Marney, who has just come in as usual with her boys and her friend Du Parc, "what are we going to do?"

An exclamation from Tempy, who is still leaning from the window, replies to this pertinent question.

"Come here! What is this?" she cries.

All along the Rue du Dauphin, from every quarter people are assembling in crowds that gather thicker every moment — youthful white figures led by parents and relations in their Sunday clothes, boys in shiny shoes and white trousers, girls dressed like brides.

"It is the *première communion*," says Mrs. Marney, all in one word. "Susy, you should take them to see it. Let Wilkins go too, dear, and I will mind Phrasie."

Phrasie thought herself quite old enough for any amount of sight-seeing, but she was never happier than when alone with her grandmother, and she made no objection.

"But all of us in this crowd, mamma?" said Susy doubtfully.

"Max will take the boys. 'Won't you, Max, like a good fellow?' cries Mrs. Marney, determined that everybody shall see everything that is to be seen anywhere; and so the party, after some further demur, starts off.

Max goes first with the boys, then come Susy and Tempy in their black dresses; then follows Jo, with his hands in his pockets. He wears a Scotch cap, a rough, cut-away coat, a pair of knickerbockers, less commonly worn in those days than they are now. The tidy French people turn to stare at him, ejaculate "Anglais!" They also look at Susy with more respectfully admiring eyes. Old St. Roch had prepared a welcoming benediction for them all, heretics and Catholics alike, that morning. The centre aisle was full of a white snowstorm of muslin figures. The church was crowded from end to end; the altars were lighted, the candles were burning, hundreds and hundreds of heads were bent in childish adoration, the little restless, snowy figures swayed and tossed their white veils. The chorister boys were clustering round about the altars, the priests were passing up and down the middle of the church. The old abbé, in his silver and embroidered shining dress, leant from the pulpit and seemed to be calling a blessing upon the eager

congregation. By the high altar stood the curé of the Madeleine, a noble-looking figure, also in splendid robes. The sisters and nuns who had had the teaching of so many of the children were keeping guard over their flock from beneath their bent white coiffes as they knelt. The priests beat time, processions come swaying from one chapel and another bearing Virgin and saints on satin with golden fringes. The great organ strikes up, and all the children's voices break out into a shrill, sweet morning hymn, as the whole dazzling tide sweeps in procession towards the high altar, carrying its thousand lights and emblematic candles, and followed by crowding parents, friends, sightseers. Then after a pause another discourse begins in sing-song from another pulpit. A monk, in his Benedictine dress, stands up to address the assembled congregation. His words are full of affectionate warnings, exhortations, incitements to religious life in the midst of the world and its temptations. He raises his worn hands as he appeals to his listeners—to the pale, motionless sisters, the rosy, awe-struck children. It struck one man present strangely and sadly to hear these passionate warnings from those who had not lived, to those whose life was not yet begun. He looked round at the sea of faces, at the blooming company of youthful postulants, at the nuns who stood with bent coiffes and folded hands by the column where he was standing. Poor souls! what hearts had they wounded, what unfair advantages had they grasped from the world? What had all this to do with them? And a sudden revolt rose in his mind, an indignant outcry against the creed which superadded these cruel mortifications and sufferings to the stresses and starvation of daily life, where the poor day by day are expiating the ease of the rich. He thought of Caron's teaching, of his wider horizons, some strange impatience came over him, he would wait no longer in this atmosphere of artificial light and smoke; the incense stifled him; he had an odd feeling that if he stayed he should find himself standing up protesting against the golden pulpit. What was that written up on the wall, *Mene, mene*? Was the church feasting in pomp while multitudes were dying of hunger and ignorance?

There stood his English friends in a shy group, the beautiful young mother with eyes full of tears, the young lady with an odd, scowling expression; let them look on; how could they know the meaning of it all, or realize the commonest

truths of life? Du Parc repeated to himself, "May they never know." "Go to your sister," he said suddenly to the boys. "I will wait outside."

Susy saw Du Parc go; she was not surprised; but she was glad nevertheless to find him still standing in the doorway when she came away followed by her little court. Her eyes were dazzled, her ears ringing with the music and the voices of the people: the great clouds of incense, the thousand lights of the tapers, all intoxicated and excited her. Her heart beat, she looked up with almost childish delight. Du Parc looked grave, impenetrable, very handsome as he stood in the shadow of the arch. As Susy turned to Tempy, who was following, she wondered to find her cold, with a look of something which was almost disgust in her face. Good old Wilkins herself could not have seemed more scandalized by "them popes and virgins," as she called them. Jo followed, he had been well amused, admiring and scrutinizing the ceremony from a more artistic and dilettante point of view; now he was staring at the church, at the people, at the crowds in the street. Susanna stood for a moment on the steps looking out. Not long afterwards she remembered this minute, so strangely to be repeated by a grim freak of chance. Here were peaceful crowds in a fanciful excitement and ecstasy, in a rapture of white muslin and candlelight, shaken by the echoing organ sounds. The next time she stood there, she was watching these same people fighting for their lives, flying from death—worshippers at another shrine, fiercer, more terrible, and yet not less remorseless in its expiations and demands.

"Here you are!" said Du Parc, with a sort of impatient cheerfulness. "Well, now you have seen the great ceremony and the abbé and his eleven hundred virgins. They call him l'Abbé des Demoiselles in the Quartier."

"Why did you go away?" Susy asked.

"I cannot stand it—the smell of incense always disagrees with me. You, madame, look as if you did not mind being half suffocated; but you will like the lilacs down in the gardens better still."

"It seemed to me very beautiful," said Susy, with dancing eyes. "My daughter here disapproves of it as much as you do. It seemed all so wonderful to me—so beautiful, so full of interest."

Tempy looked daggers. She had a vague idea Susanna was going over to the Roman Catholic persuasion, that Du Parc

was a Jesuit pretending indifference, that the whole thing was a plot got up to influence and persuade her too yielding, too persuadable stepmother. She too came down step by step with the crowd, following the stream of people. Some seemed still in a sort of dream, some, on the contrary, wide awake and most keenly alive to the dignity of the moment, to the splendor of their sons in varnished boots, with fringed ribbons on their arms, of their daughters in white muslin, with veils and white caps, and a general unction of new clothes and new blessings. And indeed there can be but one feeling when the boys and girls at the outset of life come up one by one with beaming faces to ask a blessing upon their future from the old time-worn bishop and pastor, whose own life is so nearly at an end. This was what Susy said as they walked down the crowded street which led to the Tuileries gardens, when Du Parc again made some bitter joke. "I am like the *gamin*, who put aside the faith of a Pascal with a joke," said Du Parc. "I'm afraid it is no use talking to me."

The little shops were bristling with their treasures, the people were standing in their doorways to see the company disperse, the carts and carriages cumbering the road. They passed a flower-cart standing in a gutter; a country woman with a red handkerchief on her head was changing the beautiful bunches of fragrance into halfpennies and pennies. It was another version of the old lamps for new. Many of the flowers were delicate, such as we grow with elaborate care in greenhouses and hothouses — white lilacs, and pink carnations with their long blue stalks, some sort of early-flowering poppy, pale and feathery, and then narcissus and roses in heaps, and white daisies in their modest garb, looking as if they too had been to their first communion. The violets in their fragrant heaps were piled together, all their sweetness tied with a wisp of straw. Susanna stopped, exclaiming, but Du Parc hurried her on. "Pass on, pass on, madame," he said almost impatiently; "you are stopping the way." Again Tempy drew herself up with a look of absolute amazement and impatience; what did this man, this drawing-master, mean by speaking in this imperious tone to her stepmother? She deliberately stopped and began to ask the price of the flowers, and bought a bunch of somewhat faded rosebuds which the flower-woman thrust into her hand; the others waited while she bargained, not that she cared for pen-

nies, but from an Englishwoman's sense of duty.

"Why didn't you get violets?" said Susy; "they seemed so sweet."

A minute after they were crossing the Rue de Rivoli to the side gate of the Tuileries gardens.

"One crosses at the risk of one's life," said Susanna, smiling and turning to speak to Du Parc, — but he was gone. When he rejoined them a minute after at the iron gate he was carrying a huge bunch of the sweet violets Susanna had liked.

"I ventured also to add some lilies of the valley; such flowers were created for you," he said.

There was something indescribable in his tone which startled her; she looked up, she saw a look of such bright admiration, such pride and homage combined, that her thanks suddenly failed her.

"Violets and lilies," said Tempy, wanting to say something to break the momentary silence, which seemed almost significant; "violets are not so nice as roses after all."

"Unhappy France has heard more than enough of them, mademoiselle," said Du Parc, recovering himself quickly, but with a very well-pleased expression still showing in his dark eyes. "This is the first time for years I have cared to buy any of them; but to-day they have seemed to me emblems of peace and sweetness, instead of greed and wicked rapacity."

Susy could not answer all this. She, a mother, a widow, who should have known life, to be silenced suddenly, confused like a very schoolgirl, it was not to be endured.

CHAPTER XX.

ST. DAMIAN AND OTHERS.

ALL their time was not given to Paris, delightful as Paris was; it was a pleasure to escape the city on those glorious spring days. Marney was still away, and Susy and her children often found their way to the Villa du Parc, and from thence to the Bois de Boulogne or the outlying country places. Little Phrasie used to remain with her grandmother; the others used to stroll further afield, and Du Parc, who so rarely left his work, who never allowed himself a holiday, now seemed to have nothing better to do than to escort his mother's friend and her companions. One afternoon he took them to a village about a mile off; he led the way with his big stick along the highroad for a time, then across a dirty field, then by a country

cross-road leading to a village not far from the Seine. There was an old church, one of the very oldest in the neighborhood, that he wanted them to see. He had done an etching of it for the *Beaux Arts*.

The lamp was burning dimly in the little church before the high altar, where a black verger stood in his robes. There was a silver dove hanging from the middle of the roof, and a gilt sun, with brassy rays like an organ, which shone upon the altar. Little pictures, bright-colored, miraculous, covered the bare walls with representations of benevolent marvels — heavenly hands and protruding arms interposing from the clouds to prevent disaster here on earth; runaway horses arrested, falling houses caught in the act. There was a huge black crucifix with a colored figure of Death — a somewhat terrible and striking reminder to the living of the future and the past. More cheerful tinselled ornaments were piled upon the altar, whose fine cloth was guarded by a chequered linen top. The wooden pulpit was painted to look like precious veined marble, so was the battered old confessional with the thumb-marks of the penitents. Outside the little church, in the Place, the cocks and hens cackled, becketed in the grass; a little stream ran close by the opened door with a pleasant wash of water. They had passed the curé's house close at hand, with its laburnums, and the field beyond where the linen strips were bleaching, and the children squatting in the dust, and the man with the wooden shoes and the oilskin hat and the torn blouse, breaking flints in the sunshine. Everything outside looked hot and bright and delicate and business-like, while everything inside was dark and dreamily fervent. To people accustomed from childhood to Catholic chapels, the scent of the lingering incense seems to be the breath of the prayers and hymns of the pious who have lingered here generation after generation on their way from the streets and the sunshine outside, to the quiet churchyard across the field.

Max looked round to-day with friendly eyes at his old playmates, St. Cosmo and St. Damian, those favorite martyrs — at St. Dominic in his black robe, St. Catherine with her pointing finger, St. Barbara with her wheel, good St. Ursula with a detachment of maidens, standing by the well-remembered sketch of the Day of Judgment, where six or seven just persons escorted by two virtuous little angels were being trumpeted up to heaven, while over

a dozen wicked were being swallowed then and there by a huge green monster. All these quaint, familiar things hung undisturbed as they had hung in the young man's recollection for the quarter of a century he could look back to. The bright silver hearts and tokens, the tallow candles peacefully smoking on the triangle — all meant childhood and familiar faces and everyday innocent life to him. He did not feel here in the little village church as at St. Roch on the day of the great celebration. There he had chafed and revolted. Tempy herself could not have felt more repelled than Max du Parc; but this was his whole childhood, one of his simplest and most intimate associations. How curiously the same emblems affect different minds! To Tempy they meant terrors and superstition; to Jo a picturesque and characteristic episode of foreign travel; and to Susanna they meant something like a strange dream of reality, like an image of all that was in her heart just then. There was the charm, the intense attraction of that which was not and must never be her creed; and also a terror of that remorseless law which spared not, which accepted martyrdom and self-renunciation as the very beginning of the lesson of life — of that life which since the world began had been crying out so passionately for its own, for its right to exist, to feel, to be free. This afternoon Mrs. Dymond seemed to have caught something of Du Parc's antagonistic mood on that day at St. Roch's; she was thinking how these pale saints had turned one by one from the sunshine and the storms of daily life, from the seasons in their course, from the interests and warm fires of home, to a far-away future, of which these sad tapers, winking and smoking, these glittering silver trinkets, were the symbols; they had given earnest and passionate prayers in the place of love and living desires and the longing of full hearts; they had taken pain and self-inflicted sufferings in place of the natural submission and experience of life, and the restraints of other's rights and other's needs.

"I can't think how people can endure such superstition," said Tempy, flouncing out into the porch. "Come, Jo, it makes me sick," and she nearly tumbled over an old couple who had been kneeling in the shadow of the doorway.

Susy blushed up, as she often did, for Tempy's *brusquerie*, and looked anxiously at Du Parc, who had caught the young lady by the arm as she stumbled.

Tempy seemed to rouse some latent opposition in Max du Parc.

"Take care," he said in English; "gently, and don't upset those who are still on their knees. After all there are not many people left upon their knees now," he added as they came out together, "and I don't see that much is gained by having everybody running about the streets instead."

"At all events it is something gained to hear people speaking the real truth, and saying only what they really think, as we do in our churches," said Tempy, with one of her stares.

Du Parc made her a low bow.

"If that is the case, mademoiselle, I shall certainly come over to England and get myself admitted into your religion by a reverend with a white tie."

Tempy didn't answer, but walked on.

Jo burst out laughing. Susy didn't laugh; she was in this strange state of emotion, excitement, she could not laugh. Something had come to her, something which in all her life she had never felt as now, a light into the morning, a tender depth in the evening sky, a meaning to the commonest words and facts. There is a feeling which comes home to most of us at one time or another; philosophers try to explain it, poets to write it down, only musicians can make it into music, it is like a horizon to the present—a sense of the suggestion of life beyond its actual din and rough shapings. This feeling gives a meaning to old stones and fluttering rags, to the heaps and holes on the surface of the earth, to the sad and common things as well as to those which are brilliant and successful. Had this supreme revelation come to Susanna now? or was it only that in France the lights are brighter, the aspects of life more delightful—that with the sight of all this natural beauty and vivacity some new spring of her life had been touched which irradiated and colored everything?

But it was not France, it was the poetry of to-day and the remembrance of yesterday which softened her sweet looks, which touched her glowing cheek. It was something which Susy did not know, of which she had never guessed at until now, widow though she was, mother though she was.

Susanna for the last few years had been so accustomed to silence, to a sort of gentle but somewhat condoning courtesy, that it seemed to her almost strange to be specially addressed and considered.

Tempy could not understand it either. Once or twice Susanna met the girl's

surprised, half-laughing, half-disapproving glance, and the elder woman would blush and look amused, appealing; she seemed to be asking her stepdaughter's leave to be brilliant for once—to answer the friendly advances of the French gentlemen who called with red ribbons, and the French ladies with neatly poised bonnets. One or two invitations came for them through Mr. Bagginal. Sometimes Susy, animated, forgetting, would look so different, so handsome, that Tempy herself was taken aback. Mrs. Dymond's black dignities became her—the long lappets falling, the silken folds so soft, so thick, that moved with her as she moved. She had dressed formerly to please her husband, who, in common with many men, hated black, and liked to see his wife and his daughter in a cheerful rainbow of pink and green and blue and gilt buttons. Now that she was a widow she wore plain long dresses, soft and black, suiting her condition and becoming to her sweet and graceful ways. She had bought herself a straw hat, for the sun was burning in the avenues of Neuilly, and with her round hat she had given up her widow's cap. A less experienced hand than Max du Parc might have wished to set this graceful blackness down forever as it stood on the green outside the little chapel that summer's day. The children were still playing, the geese were coming up to be fed, the dazzle of light and shade made a sweet out-of-door background to the lovely light and shade of Susy's wistful pale face as she stood facing them all, and looking up at the carved stone front of the shabby little church.

They walked home slowly two by two. Tempy, who had not yet forgiven Du Parc his religion or his bow, took her brother's arm.

Two figures that were hobbling along the path a little way in front of them, stopped their halting progress, and turned to watch the youthful company go by. They were forlorn and worn and sad, and covered with rags and dirt; the woman carried a bundle on a stick, the man dragged his steps through the spring, limping as he went.

"Yes," said Max, answering Susy's look of pity, "one is happy and forgets everything else, and then one meets some death's-head like this to remind one of the fact. Think of one man keeping all that for himself," and he pointed back to a flaming villa with pink turrets beyond the field, "and another reduced to such shreds of life."

"I don't think people in England are ever quite so miserable," said Susy.

"You think not?" said Max. "I have seen people quite as dirty, quite as wretched in London. I remember——"

Susy wondered why he stopped short. Max had suddenly remembered where and when it was he had seen two wretched beggars thrust from a carriage door, and by whom. "And in Soho near where you lived," the young man continued after a moment, speaking in a somewhat constrained voice and tone. "Any night, I think, you might have seen people as sad and wretched as these. I used to go to a street in that quarter for my dinner very often, and while I dined they walked about outside. Once," he added more cheerfully, as another remembrance came into his mind, "I met a member of your family, madame, at my dining-place, Monsieur Charles Bolsover. Poor fellow," said Max, returning to his French, "I hope he is in happier conditions than he was then—he had a friend whom I met afterwards. He seemed in a doleful state."

"Were you there on that dreadful occasion?" said Susanna, turning pale. "Oh! Monsieur du Parc, he had been drinking to forget his trouble!"

"What, madame, even you," said Max, "do you find nothing kinder to say of the poor boy? Drinking! He had not been drinking any more than I had—he was ill, he was in a fever for a week afterwards. I used to go and see him in his friend's lodgings. They told me the story." Max glanced ahead at Tempy laughing and twirling her parasol—"Forgive me," he said, "I am meddling with what is not my concern."

"But it concerns me, Monsieur du Parc," said Susy, trembling very much.

"It concerns me very, very nearly; if Charlie has been unjustly accused—if he was ill, poor boy, and we did not know it."

"It is a fact, madame," said Max dryly; "if you were to ask his friend, the Reverend White, he will tell you the same thing. Your nephew is not the first of us who has been overcome by an affair of the heart. I gathered from him that your—that you disapproved of his suit."

"My husband was afraid to trust his daughter's happiness to any one of whom we had heard so much that was painful," said Mrs. Dymond coldly, and remembering herself.

Max civilly assented.

"A father must judge best for his child," she continued, melting as he froze,

and speaking with an unconscious appeal in her voice and her eyes. Why was it that she felt as if Du Parc's opinion mattered so much? She could not bear him to misjudge things; to think any one cold, or hard.

"Of course you have to consider what is best," said the young man, softening to her gentleness; "but believe me that is not a bad young fellow. Poor boy, it was a heart of gold. I can scarcely imagine the young lady having inspired such a devotion," he said, for a moment forgetting the near relationship between the two women; "but to me she seems strangely fortunate."

"Ah! You don't know her," said Susy eagerly; "you don't know how noble she is, how good, how lovable."

"What would you have, madame?" said Du Parc, laughing. "Of you I am not afraid, but of the miss I am in terror, and she detests me too. Ask madame, your mother."

They had come to the gates of the villa by this; Phrasie appeared in the doorway with madame to welcome them back. Mrs. Marney's loud voice was heard calling from within. Max was not over-pleased to see a visitor under the tree waiting the ladies' return. It was their north-country neighbor, Mr. Bagginal from the Embassy, who had been making himself agreeable to madame in the meanwhile. He had a scheme for a walk in the wood at St. Cloud, and a dinner. The court was there, and the gardens closed, but the young man with some pride produced an order of admission.

"Thank you, we shall like it very much indeed," says Tempy.

Susy looked at Du Parc. "Shall you have time to come, too?" she asked.

"Monsieur Caron is in the studio waiting for you, Max," said his mother; "he has got his pocket full of proclamations, as usual," and without answering Mrs. Dymond, Du Parc slowly turned and walked into the studio.

From The Fortnightly Review.

MR. J. R. LOWELL.

"It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage towards us, or even passably to conceal them. She cannot help confounding the people with the country and regarding us as lousy juveniles. She has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly

English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism. She is especially condescending just now, and lavishes sugarplums on us as if we had not outgrown them." It is nearly twenty years since Mr. Lowell wrote these words; but though written at a time when he was certainly less well-disposed towards this country than he is now, they must surely have sometimes recurred to his mind during the last year or two of his residence among us. Indeed he may well have reread the whole of the pungent essay from which this extract is taken with a humorous appreciation actually sharpened by closer acquaintance and more cordial relations with the people at whom it was chiefly aimed. The critic's keenly satirical remarks "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" have certainly lost none of their point since he first laid his finger on this foible; rather, he may congratulate himself on the prophetic instinct which led him to predict that it would "take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage." True, the condescension of the foreigner towards Mr. Lowell's countrymen has not remained absolutely unaffected in form by the lapse of years. It is not quite so *naïf* now as in the days referred to in the following passage, when the "young American giant first began to assume the respectable appearance of a phenomenon."

It was something to have advanced even to the dignity of a phenomenon, and yet I do not know that the relation of the individual American to the individual European was bettered by it; and that, after all, must adjust itself comfortably before there can be a right understanding between the two. We had been a desert; we became a museum. People came hither for scientific and not social ends. The very cockney could not complete his education without taking a vacant stare at us in passing. But the sociologists (I think they call themselves so) were the hardest to bear. There was no escape. I have even known a professor of this fearful science to come disguised in petticoats. We were cross-examined as a chemist cross-examines a new substance. Human? Yes, all the elements are present, though abnormally combined. Civilized? H'm! that needs a stricter assay. No entomologist could take a more friendly interest in a strange bug. After a few such experiences, I, for one, have felt as if I were merely one of those horrid things preserved in spirits (and very bad spirits, too) in a cabinet. I was not the fellow-being of these explorers. I was a curiosity; I was a specimen.

The "I" of this passage is not to be

taken perhaps as strictly autobiographic. The writer is speaking, not in his own person, but in that of "the American" of the "auto-American," to use the language of Platonic idealism; and the American, as such, has doubtless ceased to attract the wandering gaze of cockney and sociologist as a mere specimen. But the stage which the American man has now left behind him is being passed through at this moment by the American man of letters, considered in his relation to the instincts of curiosity prevailing in the fashionable world. To the smaller world of literature in either country this observation does not of course apply. The English literary class — a very much smaller body, by-the-by, than is sometimes assumed — requires no enlightenment at this time of day as to the great merit of much of the work, creative as well as critical, which has been produced in the United States during the last generation. The terms on which the two countries exchange books with each other leaves much to be desired, but there is no fault to be found with their mode of exchanging ideas. All that follows in this connection must be understood as referring solely to that large and ever-growing class, that broad and ever-broadening fringe, of society which reaches up (or down) into the world of letters, — that many-headed creature of fashion into whose innumerable ears has been whispered the injunction to "have a taste" in art and literature, and who are determined to have it, come what may.

The shrewd and humorous critic who has just left our shores after perhaps the most successful term of office ever fulfilled by an American minister, can hardly, one thinks, have failed to rate the homage so effusively paid to him by this class of his English admirers at its true value. Probably he has many times asked himself as he has cast an eye round Mrs. Leo Hunter's drawing-room how many of its assembled "persons of culture" are really acquainted with his works, or could give, I will not say a critical valuation of their comparative literary merits, but even a rough estimate of their physical bulk. As to Mrs. Leo Hunter herself, who has far too much to do in distinguishing between the names of her guests to know anything about their works, one trembles to think what result a *vivâ voce* examination of that lady on the subject of Mr. Lowell's writings would too probably bring forth. To begin with, she has almost certainly never regarded him in the light of a serious poet at all. To her, indeed,

there is, and ever has been, but one American poet. "Longfellow, you know — that beautiful poem, don't you remember? what was its name? Oh! 'Evangeline!' and 'I stood on the bridge at midnight' — charming — though I don't like Balfe's setting of it so well as the one by that other man, I forget now what his name is." Of course she is not ignorant of *all* the performances of any one of her lions; Mrs. Leo Hunter never is. There is sure to be some one achievement of his which she heard spoken of when she first heard his name, and ascertained from her friend, Mrs. Sanger-Wombwell, that he was "quite a celebrity, my dear;" and if the name of the particular work of the literary lion happens to be at all a peculiar one, it is quite possible that Mrs. Leo Hunter may remember it. In Mr. Lowell's case, she certainly has this advantage, and if interrogated as to what her American guest had written, she would probably reply with pride, "Is it possible you don't know? Why surely you must have read those delightful 'Biglow Papers,' and — and the 'Innocents Abroad' — or stay, isn't that Bret Harte or Mark Twain? — yes, Mark Twain. But, my dear, you should read the 'Biglow Papers,' they are quite too funny, particularly the spelling. Don't you recollect those lines George is always quoting, 'Don't never prophesy until you know;' and 'A merciful providence fashioned him hollow, in order — in order' — I forget how it goes on; but you really should get the book and read it. I don't know that I like it *quite* so much as 'Eye-Openers,' but it is *very* amusing."

By those whose acquaintance with Mr. Lowell's works goes a little deeper than Mrs. Hunter's, and extends to the fact that he has written serious poetry, a more instructed but not much more complimentary homage is offered up. Here the mental attitude of the starrer at the American man of letters is pretty closely analogous to what is described by Mr. Lowell in the above extract as the attitude of the starrer at the American man. The simple-minded, empty-headed man or woman of fashion has merely been astonished by the discovery that there are poets hailing from America, whose names are not Longfellow, and is examining the particular specimen with curiosity. The author of the "Fable for Critics," who has with such humor and acuteness assigned their places in literature to some half-dozen notable American poets, must, one imagines, have

many a time found himself repressing a good-humored smile at the frank impertinence which displays itself in so much of this sort of drawing-room admiration. Even the compliments which semi-literary society — in this instance rather following at the heels of "society" when it ought to have set its namesake the example — has heaped upon him in such profusion can have hardly produced on a man of Mr. Lowell's just pride in the independent merits and claims of Transatlantic literature quite the effect which those well-intentioned authors designed. The late American minister, for instance, is an excellent hand — none better — at unveiling a memorial of a departed man of letters. His address at the Westminster Chapter House on the occasion of the honor recently paid to Coleridge was a delightful essay on the works and genius of the poet; and the donor of the memorial being a fellow-countryman, there was a peculiar fitness in his selection for the discharge of the duty which he then undertook. But Mr. Lowell, like the shoe-tying gentleman who aroused the ire of the unsuccessful gambler, is "always" unveiling memorials of English men of letters or oratorically assisting thereat. He played the former of these parts at Taunton some months ago in honor of Fielding, and the latter quite recently at Cambridge in honor of Gray — an occasion when he himself was unable to refrain from a sly reference to the extraordinary demand in which he found himself for these functions. But, indeed, for some time past there have been few conspicuous ceremonies performed or meetings held in connection with any literary matter, at which Mr. Lowell's presence has not been regarded as indispensable; and only his unfailing good-nature could have enabled him to accept cheerfully so serious an addition to the duties political and social of his Legation. So keen a humorist and so close an observer of human nature as he must have discerned many another indication of that singular want of measure in the manifestations of its tastes and sympathies which distinguishes our English society of to-day; but after being thus privileged to supply it with material for the illustration of this foible in his own person, he might easily add another half-dozen pages to the essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." There is a truly diverting *gaucherie*, an unsurpassable left-handedness, in the compliments which a full five-

sixths of Mr. Lowell's admirers in English society have been almost avowedly paying to him. They have most of them a certain acquaintance, not with his works — for in that respect a hackneyed gnome or two of Birdofredum Sawin's constitutes their whole equipment — but with the high estimation in which he is held by all competent English critics who really are familiar with Mr. Lowell's writings, serious as well as comic, prose as well as verse; and hearing him spoken of by these authorities with "for all the world, as much respect as if he were an Englishman," they ran at once into an excess of that sort of admiration which loses all its flattering quality in disclosing too large and obvious an admixture of surprise. The attitude of these foolish people towards this veteran man of letters, this highly trained critic and most finished literary artist, would really almost remind one of the demeanor of some simple but unlettered father towards a clever son.

Mr. Lowell, however, has too much both of humor and of good-nature to be annoyed at Mrs. Leo Hunter's innocent weaknesses, or, indeed, to trouble himself much about her "point of view." He cares more, it may be presumed, for the criticism of the library than for that of the drawing-room, and for the rank of his work on the bookshelves of the student than for its precedence among subjects of talk at the dinner-table of "culture." And here one cannot help wondering, though it may perhaps be impertinent to wonder, whether he is satisfied to be known and popular as a humorist alone, or whether he would have preferred fame and remembrance as a serious poet. If he cares at all for reputation of the latter sort, he has certainly a right to complain of the niggardly spirit in which contemporary opinion has behaved to him. It may be that the "Biglow Papers" have exacted from him a converse penalty to that which John Kemble's popularity as a tragedian imposed upon him, according to Charles Lamb, in his occasional attempts to sustain a comic part. Smith, the "creator" of Charles Surface, was, according to that prince of dramatic critics, preferred by many playgoers to Kemble in that part because, unlike the tragedian, he had no sins of Hamlet or Richard to atone for. It may be that Mr. Lowell's sins as Hosea Biglow or Birdofredum Sawin have blinded the eyes of incurious readers to those exquisite vignettes of rural life

which he has given them in "Under the Willows" and many of its companion pieces, and hardened their hearts against his truly splendid "Commemoration Ode," ringing from end to end with the note of passionate patriotism if ever that has been sounded by the human voice. Whatever be the cause, it is certainly the fact that for one Englishman of the average type who knows and appreciates Mr. Lowell as a lyrical and descriptive poet there are a hundred such men who could quote you Longfellow by the yard, and perhaps a score (though Mr. Bright is to some extent responsible for that) who are in a position to give, if desired by the company, a short recital from Whittier. Even those who can recite (if that is the word for it) the poems (if that is the word for them) of Walt Whitman are perhaps more numerous; though there indeed the reciter is often assisted by a certain association of ideas. For in some of Whitman's pieces (that, after all, is the best word), to give one line is sufficient to suggest the whole; just as if you were to undertake to describe a man's dress from his head downwards and began with his hat, you would have no excuse for any lapse of memory till you got to his boots. In this sense Whitman's poetic diction appears to possess in a high degree the quality known in the critical slang of the day as "inevitableness." Assisted by its internal *memoria technica*, admirers of the western bard of democracy have been found able to repeat whole paragraphs of his poetry; whereas it is rare to find any man who knows nearly as much of Mr. Lowell's verse as he might very profitably have got by heart.

In the few words of sympathetic criticism to which Mr. Lowell gave utterance at the Gray memorial ceremony at Cambridge, he remarked, though in no disparaging way, on the extent to which the element of the "commonplace" in Gray's most famous poem had contributed to its world-wide popularity. It is to the lack of this quality in Mr. Lowell's own verse that it owes, one may suspect, its comparatively narrow circle of admirers. The American poet whom all Englishmen know, and than whom few Englishmen know other, was assuredly master of this, not "golden," but plain, serviceable locksmith's-metal key to the popular heart. It need not be said — it would, indeed, be foolish to say it — in a sneering spirit, but the element of commonplace in Longfellow, the precipitate of salts insoluble in

poetry which one finds at the bottom of that pellucid verse, is extraordinarily large; and the average reader who prizes his poetry for the solid residuum it leaves behind it, after its purely poetic qualities have disappeared through the not very fine-meshed strainer of his imagination, appraises his Longfellow accordingly. The knack of infusing this ingredient into his poetry in the proportion approved of by the popular palate did not come naturally to Mr. Lowell, and he has never acquired it. His poetic faculty, as we trace it through some thirty years of productive effort, shares the healthy growth of a healthy mind, but has never developed that useful form of adipose tissue which serves, at the expense no doubt of the higher quality of beauty, to keep warm the poetry — and the poet. On the other hand, it is but just to Mr. Lowell to add that he has not allowed his verse to run, in revenge, into that angularity of manner which too many poets not accepted by the multitude are wont to cultivate of malice prepense — the overstrained protest of classic severity of outline against the too buxom contours of the "popular" muse. Mr. Lowell's poetry has simply gone on perfecting itself in form and finish, until now he is as complete a specimen of "a literary man's poet," of the consummate artist in expression — whom the lover of the art of expression is hard put to it to judge impartially, from sheer delight in his workmanship — as it would be easy to find in a summer day's hunt through a well-filled library.

It is not difficult to trace the literary influences which have moulded this highly wrought, this artless-artful poetic manner. In the introduction to the "Biglow Papers" Mr. Lowell observes with pride that the nineteenth-century New Englander "feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne than with his modern English cousins." And the studies to which the ancestry of this New England poet has attracted him have done almost as much for his verse as the Scriptural training of Quakerism has done for the oratory of the famous English orator. Take these stanzas from a little poem entitled "Seaweed": —

Not always unimpeded can I pray,
Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession claim,
Too closely clings the burden of the day.
And ah! the mint and anise that I pay
But swells my debt and deepens my self-blame.

Shall I less patience have than Thou, who
knows

That Thou revisit'st all who wait for thee;
Not only fill'st the unsounded deeps below,
But dost refresh with punctual overflow
The rifts where unregarded mosses be.

The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the wave's receding shocks;
Nor doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced
flocks.

And though Thy healing waters far withdraw,
I too can wait and feed on hope of Thee,
And of the dear recurrence of Thy law;
Sure that the parting grace that morning saw,
Abides the time to come in search of me.

Imagery, construction, choice of words, the "conceit" which has suggested the poem, and the *kind* of fancy which gives us the "pale shepherdess" for the moon; the kind of diction which gives us the "dear recurrence of Thy law"; "the continuous maintenance of that contrast which Coleridge has so acutely noticed in George Herbert and his contemporaries, between a somewhat far-fetched thought and its nobly simple expression, — all recall the period in which Mr. Lowell evidently loves to dwell. We seem to catch the very breath of the seventeenth century. One can hardly expect, however, that a poet of this description and taste should ever become popular. It is not that there is anything demonstrably incompatible between the power over such forms of thought and expression as the above extract illustrates, and the capacity to move the emotions or arrest the ear of average humanity with a broader and fuller, if less sweet and penetrating note; it is simply that one seems to have found by way of rough rule of thumb generalization, that the poets to whom the aforesaid forms of thought and expression appeal most strongly, and who cultivate them to the highest point of perfection, yield more and more every year to the domination of that intruder, criticism, the cuckoo in the nest of poetry, who, when she has once fairly established herself there, will never again be displaced by the original owner, but will remain and rear there her own brood. In the "Fable for Critics" Mr. Lowell, its then anonymous author, in discussing his own place among the poets, appears to show a shrewd perception of the fact that he carried too many *impedimenta* for hopeful mountaineering up the height of the Muses.

There's Lowell who's striving Parnassus to
 climb,
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with
 rhyme.
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles and
 boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his
 shoulders.
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh
 reaching,
 Till he learns the distinction between singing
 and preaching.
 His lyre has some chords that would ring
 pretty well,
 But he'd rather by half make a drum of the
 shell,
 And rattle away till he's as old as Methusalem,
 At the head of a march to the last new Jeru-
 salem.

The allusion in this last couplet of course, as well as in the line about "singing" and "preaching," is to the "Biglow Papers," published in this same year 1848, and to their endeavor to lead the American people to a sense of the unrighteousness of "political" wars. But the *ism* which really prevented him scaling Parnassus, or at least that particular peak of the mountain which is visible to the common eye, was not, it seems to me, any one of a political or religious character. It was surely that most exigent and masterful *ism* to which I have referred above, and the service of which, if it has not been perfect freedom in the case of this admirable poet-critic, has certainly been signalized by very brilliant achievements.

The popular instinct which has seized upon the "Biglow Papers" and will insist on regarding Mr. Lowell as the author of that comic masterpiece and of nothing else, is in one sense a sound one. For while it is just open to argument whether Mr. Lowell is an actual or an adopted son of the Muses, he is unquestionably a born humorist. He possesses a humor of thought which is at once broad and subtle; his humor of expression is his American birthright. The mere characterization of the "Biglow Papers" has perhaps been overpraised, though Birdofredum Sawin certainly appears original and typical to an outsider, whatever may be said of Parson Homer Wilbur; but the graphic power of statement, the gnomic faculty of sententious utterance, the extraordinary fluency and facility of the versification, make the book a perpetual delight. Mr. Lowell pays the penalty of all aphorism-makers in having his phrases seized upon and hackneyed, until they become a weariness to the flesh; but nothing could be more unjust than the impression which

they would give of Mr. Lowell to any one unacquainted with the "Biglow Papers" as a sort of humoristic "Single Speech Hamilton." Chance usually determines what phrase of an author shall first obtain universal popular currency, and chance has been unusually capricious in this case. The "Biglow Papers" brim over with happy hits, which are perhaps to be found in the greatest plenty in the long-lined metres, and where the free play of a quaint imagination is not restricted by a too frequent recurrence of rhyme, but which nevertheless abound in stanza after stanza of such pieces as "What Mr. Robinson thinks," and "The Pious Editor's Creed." So do they too in that most broadly comic paper of the whole series, the third letter, in which Birdofredum Sawin recounts his experiences as a slave-captor, and for a very brief period slave-owner. It is the fashion to talk of the second series of the papers, published from thirteen to sixteen years afterwards during the progress of the American Civil War, as inferior to its predecessor; but it would be hard to find any better ground for this opinion than the particular fact that it *was* a second series, and the general truth that seconds are not firsts. In no respect save that of novelty does it seem to me inferior in workmanship to the earlier volume, while its occasion and the topics which suggest the various poems are certainly far more interesting, though often in a somewhat unpleasant way, to English readers than the controversy about the Mexican War. The tarring and feathering of Mr. Sawin down South and his ride "across a Southern chestnut horse sharper 'n a baby's screech;" his release from the jail to which he had been consigned on suspicion of stealing a "yeller chettle," and the imprisonment of the real criminal, "to see how *he* liked pork 'n' pone flavored with wa'nut saplin'; and nary social priv'ledge but a one-hoss, starn-wheel chaplin;" his subsequent marriage to the Widder Shennon, whose "thirds was part in cotton-land, part in the curse o' Canaan;" these things and their sequel are related with as rich a humor as any of the hero's earlier adventures in Mexico. It is true, of course, that the anti-English sallies of this series, the Bridge and Monument dialogue, and the address of Jonathan to John, give a touch of sternness to the volume from which its predecessor was free. The satirist was too much in earnest in the strokes which he delivered at England in that day of bitterness to be able to smile; and though

the satire is always such as the objects of it can respect if not admire, it is not of that kind which provokes a smile from men at their own expense. What gives to it its chief interest in these days, as it does to more than one passage in the essay quoted from at the outset of this article—an interest one is glad to feel of a purely pleasurable character—is the very striking contrast between the sentiments which inspire it and those by which, as we have now every reason to believe, they have been replaced in the writer's mind.

The mention of the essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" recalls to one's memory the delightful little volume in which this paper appeared, and with it that particular department of literature—the department of criticism and discourse—to which Mr. Lowell, one fears (it is not every poet-critic who can escape the phrase "one hopes"), will in all likelihood confine his future work. As a critic of belles-lettres he has scarcely any living equal; and if we are allowed—as surely we should be—to give more marks for sanity than for any other quality of criticism, he ranks higher, perhaps, than any rival. Great delicacy of perception and a discriminative faculty, "piercing, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit," in a piece of literary work, are accompanied, in Mr. Lowell's case, by a most commendable freedom from crotchet and affectation, and a consistent sobriety of judgment. His paper on Chaucer in "My Study Windows" is at once as stimulating and satisfying, as suggestive of new ideas, and as adequate in its development of familiar ones, as any paper of forty odd octavo pages on an almost inexhaustible subject well could be. Nor is there anywhere out of Charles Lamb (who, moreover, as a cockney, could not have written it) a more charming piece of English prose writing of the half poetic, half humorous, wholly nature-loving order, than a "Good Word for Winter" in the same columns. Mr. Lowell's strong good sense, his inexorable independence of criticism triumphing easily over very vigorous national prejudices, is signally illustrated in his essay on the "Life and Letters of James Gates Percival," a whilom American celebrity, greeted by his contemporaries as the poet of America, but whose pretensions Mr. Lowell disposes of concurrently with the assumption, to which, indeed, Mr. Percival mainly owed a premature enthronement, that at the date of his appearance America was in a condition to produce any great poet at all.

Percival was a professor of poetry rather than a poet, and "we are not surprised," adds his critic, "at the number of lectures he reads us when we learn that in early life he was an excellent demonstrator of anatomy, whose subject must be dead before his business with it begins." Very pungent is the satire upon the unanimous resolution of Mr. Percival's contemporaries that Americans "must and would have a national literature. England, France, Spain, and Italy each already had one; Germany was getting one ready as fast as possible, and Ireland vowed that she once had one far surpassing them all. . . . A literature adapted to the size of the country was what we must and would have. Given the number of square miles, the length of the rivers, the size of the lakes, and you have the greatness of the literature we were bound to produce without further delay. If that little dribble of an Avon had succeeded in engendering Shakespeare, what a giant might we not look for from the mighty womb of the Mississippi!"

The author of these self-detached criticisms (as one may call them, perhaps, if a man's country be regarded as his larger self) was at the time they were written a very indignant censor of this country, as near indeed to a positive Anglophobe as it would be possible for any man of so good a head and heart to be. It is pleasant to think that he has lived to spend six years in England as, politically and socially, the most successful and popular representative of the United States that any one not anxious to advertise his advanced years would confess to remembering; pleasant, too, to know that though he may and indeed must smile, however good-naturedly, at the purely "fashionable" element in his popularity, he warmly reciprocates the more genuine feelings which he has inspired. Mr. Lowell is no doubt too good a patriot to regret that in his country's cause and at an hour of supreme crisis in her destinies, he spoke bitter words against England and Englishmen. But though he may still think—and it is not for us to gainsay him if he does—that he did well in those days to be angry, he cannot but rejoice to feel that the better understanding that has since grown up between the two nations, renders the recurrence of such causes of righteous anger on either side an indefinitely less probable contingency than it was. To the development and solidification of that understanding he himself has been no slight contributor, and he may

honestly pride himself on having contributed to it, not only without abatement of the just claims of his nationality, but in exact proportion to the self-respecting consistency with which those claims have in his person been quietly and unobtrusively upheld. It may be well enough to be all things to all men, but the best way we can behave to some men is to be simply ourselves and no one else. It is no paradox to say that Mr. Lowell would have been less English if he had been less American. He would have been less English in the sense of appealing less to those deeper sympathies which, beneath the strata of national prejudice, unite the two peoples. The Anglicized, or rather, for that is the more common variety, the Frenchified American, is really further removed from the Englishman than what he would probably call the "old time" Yankee, who flourished, or did not flourish, in the days of Martin Chuzzlewit. For in ridding himself of his natural and national self, he deliberately effaces those characteristics which the two races possess in common, in order to simulate certain peculiarly English traits which are no more imitable by him than their American analogues are imitable by us. Missing these peculiarly English traits, he succeeds only in hitting off a certain general Europeanism of tone in which, as has been said, the Parisian element, the farthest removed of all from the English, most frequently obtains pre-eminence. It is not by Americans of that description that that process which Mr. Lowell rightly describes as the only sure way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is at all likely to be facilitated. If Englishmen are to be enabled to clear their minds of the notion that Americans are "to be treated as a kind of inferior and deported Englishman," Americans themselves must not deliberately pose in that character, but must bear in mind their countryman's sound dictum that they "are worth nothing except in so far as they have disinfected themselves of Anglicism." Mr. Lowell has supplied the positive proof of it himself, but I hope that he will not regard it as another instance of the condescension of foreigners if, while recognizing his sturdy American patriotism as, at least, "one good quality which is not wholly English," we should be able to trace some of his excellencies as man and writer which I have here inadequately examined, to an intellectual ancestry which he shares with ourselves.

H. D. TRAILL.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE were voices in the drawing-room as Frances ran up-stairs, which warned her that her own appearance in her morning dress would be undesirable then. She went on with a sense of relief to her own room, where she threw aside the heavy cloak lined with fur, which her aunt had insisted on wrapping her in. It was too grave, too ample for Frances, just as the other presents she had received were too rich and valuable for her wearing. She took the emerald brooch out of her pocket in its little case, and thrust it away into a drawer, glad to be rid of it, wondering whether it would be her duty to show it, to exhibit her presents. She divined that Lady Markham would be pleased, that she would congratulate her upon having made herself agreeable to her aunt, and perhaps repeat that horrible encouragement to her to make what progress she could in the affections of the Cavendishes, because they were rich and had no heirs. If, instead of saying this, Lady Markham had but said that Mrs. Cavendish was lonely, having no children, and little good of her husband's society, how different it might have been! How anxious then would Frances have been to visit and cheer her father's sister! The girl, though she was very simple, had a great deal of inalienable good sense; and she could not but wonder within herself how her mother could make so strange a mistake.

It was late before Lady Markham came up-stairs. She came in shading her candle with her hand, gliding noiselessly to her child's bedside. "Are you not asleep, Frances? I thought you would be too tired to keep awake."

"O no. I have done nothing to tire me. I thought you would not want me down-stairs, as I was not dressed."

"I always want you," said Lady Markham, stooping to kiss her. "But I quite understand why you did not come. There was nobody that could have interested you. Some old friends of mine, and a man or two whom Markham brought to dine; but nothing young or pleasant. And did you have a tolerable day? Was poor Charlotte a little less gray and cold? But Constance used to tell me she was only cold when I was there."

"I don't think she was cold. She was—very kind; at least that is what she

meant, I am sure," said Frances, anxious to do her aunt justice.

Lady Markham laughed softly, with a sort of suppressed satisfaction. She was anxious that Frances should please. She had herself, at a considerable sacrifice of pride, kept up friendly relations, or at least a show of friendly relations, with her husband's sister. But notwithstanding all this, the tone in which Frances spoke was balm to her. The cloak was an evidence that the girl had succeeded; and yet she had not joined herself to the other side. This unexpected triumph gave a softness to Lady Markham's voice.

"We must remember," she said, "that poor Charlotte is very much alone. When one is much alone, one's very voice gets rusty, so to speak. It sounds hoarse in one's throat. You may think, perhaps, that I have not much experience of that. Still I can understand; and it takes some time to get it toned into ordinary smoothness. It is either too expressive, or else it sounds cold. A great deal of allowance is to be made for a woman who spends so much of her life alone."

"O yes," cried Frances, with a burst of tender compunction, taking her mother's soft, white, dimpled hand in her own, and kissing it with a fervor which meant penitence as well as enthusiasm. "It is so good of you to remind me of that."

"Because she has not much good to say of me? My dear, there are a great many things that you don't know, that it would be hard to explain to you: we must forgive her for that."

And for a moment Lady Markham looked very grave, turning her face away towards the vacancy of the dark room with something that sounded like a sigh. Her daughter had never loved her so much as at this moment. She laid her cheek upon her mother's hand, and felt the full sweetness of that contact enter into her heart.

"But I am disturbing your beauty sleep, my love," she said; "and I want you to look your best to-morrow; there are several people coming to-morrow. Did she give you that great cloak, Frances? How like poor Charlotte! I know the cloak quite well. It is far too *old* for you. But that is beautiful sable it is trimmed with; it will make you something. She is fond of giving presents." Lady Markham was very quick, full of the intelligence in which Mrs. Cavendish failed. She felt the instinctive loosening of her child's hands from her own, and that the girl's cheek was lifted from that tender pillow. "But," she said, "we'll

say no more of that to-night," and stooped and kissed her, and drew her covering about her with all the sweetness of that care which Frances had never received before. Nevertheless, the involuntary and horrible feeling that it was clever of her mother to stop when she did and say no more, struck chill to the girl's very soul.

Next day Mr. Ramsay came in the afternoon, and immediately addressed himself to Frances. "I hope you have not forgotten your promise, Miss Waring, to give me all the *renseignements*. I should not like to lose such a good chance."

"I don't think I have any information to give you — if it is about Bordighera, you mean. I am fond of it; but then I have lived there all my life. Constance thought it dull."

"Ah yes, to be sure — your sister went there. But her health was perfect. I have seen her go out in the wildest weather, in days that made me shiver. She said that to see the sun always shining bored her. She liked a great deal of excitement and variety — don't you think?" he added after a moment, in a tentative way.

"The sun does not shine always," said Frances, piqued for the reputation of her home, as if this were an accusation. "We have gray days sometimes, and sometimes storms, beautiful storms, when the sea is all in foam."

He shivered a little at the idea. "I have never yet found the perfect place in which there is nothing of all that," he said. "Wherever I have been, there are cold days — even in Algiers, you know. No climate is perfect. I don't go in much for society when I am at a health place. It disturbs one's thoughts and one's temper, and keeps you from fixing your mind upon your cure, which you should always do. But I suppose you know everybody there?"

"There is — scarcely any one there," she said, faltering, remembering at once that her father was not a person to whom to offer introductions.

"So much the better," he said more cheerfully. "It is a thing I have often heard doctors say, that society was quite undesirable. It disturbs one's mind. One can't be so exact about hours. In short, it places health in a secondary place, which is fatal. I am always extremely rigid on that point. Health — must go before all. Now, dear Miss Waring, to details, if you please." He took out a little note-book, bound in russia, and drew forth a jewelled pencil-case. "The hotels

first, I beg; and then the other particulars can be filled in. We can put them under different heads: (1) Shelter; (2) Exposure; (3) Size and convenience of apartments; (4) Nearness to church, beach, etc. I hope you don't think I am asking too much?"

"I am so glad to see that you have not given him up because of Con," said one of Lady Markham's visitors, talking very earnestly over the tea-table, with a little nod and gesture to indicate of whom she was speaking. "He must be very fond of you, to keep coming; or he must have some hope."

"I think he is rather fond of me, poor Claude!" Lady Markham replied without looking round. "I am one of the oldest friends he has."

"But Constance, you know, gave him a terrible snub. I should not have wondered if he had never entered the house again."

"He enters the house almost every day, and will continue to do so, I hope. Poor boy, he cannot afford to throw away his friends."

"Then that is almost the only luxury he can't afford."

Lady Markham smiled upon this remark. "Claude," she said, turning round, "don't you want some tea? Come and get it while it is hot."

"I am getting some *renseignements* from Miss Waring. It is very good of her. She is telling me all about Bordighera, which, so far as I can see, will be a very nice place for the winter," said Ramsay, coming up to the tea-table with his little note-book in his hand. "Thanks, dear Lady Markham. A little sugar, please. Sugar is extremely nourishing, and it is a great pity to leave it out in diet — except, you know, when you are inclining to fat. Banting is at the bottom of all this fashion of doing without sugar. It is not good for little thin fellows like me."

"I gave it up long before I ever heard of Banting," said the stout lady, for it need scarcely be said that there was a stout lady; no tea-party in England ever assembled without one. The individual in the present case was young, and rebellious against the fate which had overtaken her — not of the soft, smiling, and contented kind.

"It does us real good," said Claude, with his softly pathetic voice. "I have seen one or two very sad instances where the fat did not go away, you know, but got limp and flaccid, and the last state of

that man was worse than the first. Dear lady, I think you should be very cautious. To make experiments with one's health is really criminal. We are getting on very nicely with the *renseignements*. Miss Waring has remembered a great deal. She thought she could not tell me anything; but she has remembered a great deal."

"Bordighera? Is that where Constance is?" the ladies said to each other round the low tea-table where Lady Markham was so busy. She smiled upon them all, and answered yes, without any tinge of the embarrassment which perhaps they hoped to see.

"But of course as a resident she is not living among the people at the hotels. You know how the people who live in a place hold themselves apart; and the season is almost over. I don't think that either tourists or invalids passing that way are likely to see very much of Con."

In the mean time, Frances, as young Ramsay had said, had been honestly straining her mind to "remember" what she could about the Marina and the circumstances there. She did not know anything about the east wind, and had no recollections of how it affected the place. She remembered that the sun shone in at the windows all day; which of course meant, as he informed her, a southern exposure; and that in all the hotel gardens, as well as elsewhere, there were palms growing, and hedges of lemons and orange-trees; and that at the Angleterre — or was it the Victoria? — the house-keeper was English; along with other details of a similar kind. There were no balls; very few concerts or entertainments of any kind; no afternoon tea parties. "How could there be?" said Frances, "when there were only ourselves, the Gaunts, and the Durants."

"Only themselves, the Gaunts, and the Durants," Ramsay wrote down in his little book. "How delightful that must be! Thank you so much, Miss Waring. Usually, one has to pay for one's experience; but thanks to you, I feel that I know all about it. It seems a place in which one could do one's self every justice. I shall speak to Dr. Lull about it at once. I have no doubt he will think it the very place for me."

"You will find it dull," said Frances, looking at him curiously, wondering was it possible that he could be sincere, or whether this was his way of justifying to himself his intention of following Constance. But nothing could be more stead-

ily matter-of-fact than the young man's aspect.

"Yes, no doubt I shall find it dull. I don't so very much object to that. At Cannes and those places there is a continual racket going on. One might almost as well be in London. One is seduced into going out in the evening, doing all sorts of things. I think your place is an ideal place—plenty of sunshine and no amusements. How can I thank you enough, Miss Waring, for your *renseignements*? I shall speak to Dr. Lull without delay."

"But you must recollect that it will soon be getting very hot; and even the people who live there will be going away. Mr. Durant sometimes takes the duty at Homburg or one of those places; and the Gaunts come home to England; and even we —"

Here Frances paused for a moment to watch him, and she thought that the pencil with which he was still writing down all these precious details, paused too. He looked up at her, as if waiting for further information. "Yes?" he said interrogatively.

"Even we—go up among the mountains where it is cooler," she said.

He looked a little thoughtful at this; but presently threw her back into perplexity by saying calmly: "That would not matter to me so much, since I am quite sincere in thinking that when one goes to a health place, one should give one's self up to one's health. But unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, Miss Waring, England is just as good as anywhere else in the summer; and Dr. Lull has not thought it necessary this year to send me away. But I feel quite set up with your *renseignements*," he added, putting back his book into his pocket, "and I certainly shall think of it for another year."

Frances had been so singled out for the purpose of giving the young invalid information, that she found herself a little apart from the party when he went away. They were all ladies, and all intimates, and the unaccustomed girl was not prepared for the onslaught of this curious and eager, though so pretty and fashionable mob. "What are those *renseignements* you have been giving him? Is he going off after Con? Has he been questioning you about Con? We are all dying to know. And what do you think she will say to him if he goes out after her?" cried all, speaking together, those soft eager voices, to which Frances did not know how to reply.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

FROM MONTEVIDEO TO PARAGUAY.

II.

THE neighborhood of Asuncion is not ill described by C. B. Mansfield in a letter dated from Asuncion thirty-three years ago, but which might, for correctness in what it states, have been written yesterday. "The country," says Charles Kingsley's friend, "round the town is the very perfection of quiet, rural beauty; the scenery has the beauty of some of the prettiest parts of England, enhanced by the richness of the verdure of the palm-trees, with which the whole country is studded. The greatest part of the country here seems to have been originally covered with wood, a good deal of which still remains; but now its general aspect is one of tolerably industrious cultivation. The cultivated land is all divided into fenced fields, wherein grow maize, manioc, and sugarcane; and the cottages dotted about complete the pleasantness of the aspect of nature. There are roads in every direction, not kept in first-rate condition, but still decently good; the cross-roads, which are not so much worked, are beautiful green lanes, or rather lawns, for they are often of considerable width, and for the most part perfectly straight. In some places the country presents the appearance of a splendid park, studded with rich coppices, etc." To which, if we add a diminutive race-course, situated in a kind of public garden, and several pretty *quintas*, or country villas, of the same Pompeii-like construction as those of Montevideo, but larger, and less elaborately furnished, and a few tentative plantations of coffee, not likely, I think, to come to much in this extra-tropical climate, we have a tolerable general likeness of the suburban surroundings of the capital of Paraguay.

It is here, nor could it be otherwise, in the capital, here in the chief resort of traffic and strangers, that the fatal contagion of a mimic Europeanism, the mania for discarding whatever is not in accordance with the stereotyped monotony and tasteless conventionalism of Boulevard or Fifth Avenue existence, the blight that, like Tennyson's "vapor, heavy, hueless, formless, cold," creeps on with Western-European intercourse over land after land, withering up and obliterating in its advance all individual or local color, form, beauty, life; this pseudo-civilization or progress, by whatever name it be called, has done most to obliterate the national

and characteristic features of the Paraguayan race, and to substitute for them the servile imitation of affected cosmopolitanism and denationalized uniformity. Happily the evil has but partially and superficially infected Asuncion itself as yet; while beyond its radius, and the actual line of the Paraguari railway, life in the bulk of Paraguay, and life's accessories, differ but little, if at all, from what they were and have ever been from the first days of the compound nationality, down to the constituent assembly of 1870. Long may they remain so.

But an up-country journey in Paraguay, let us own, has its difficulties; many of them, indeed, relative merely, or imaginary — others real and positive enough. The latter are to be summed up chiefly, if not wholly, in the want of organized intercommunication, both in regard of roads and conveyances, between district and district; a terrible want, which the vigorous administration of the Lopez dynasty had already done something to remedy, but which long war and succeeding desolation have renewed and intensified by destroying whatever that ill-fated family had organized or constructed. Bad inns, or none, and in their defect a copious and freely offered hospitality, which, however, of necessity, supposes in these who accept it a readiness to be content with Paraguayan fare and lodging such as is rarely found among the "fat and greasy citizens" of European or even South American towns; hot suns, frequent thunder-showers, rough way tracks, streams to be swum or forded, mosquitoes, foot-perforating chigoes, here called *piques* — though these are of such rare occurrence as to belong rather to the purely imaginary catalogue of disagreeables — and other insects; and last, not least, difficulty of converse with a population to which Guarani, or Indian, is much more familiar than Spanish. Such are what may be called "relative" obstacles, things to be accounted or disregarded by the traveller according to his own individual acquirements and idiosyncrasies; while lions, tigers, alligators, wild Indians, poisoned arrows, etc., however terrible in the lively fancy of many narrators, may be safely classed among imaginary perils. Lions, that is, pumas; tigers, that is, leopards; Indians more or less wild, poisoned arrows too, exist, doubtless, in the mountains and among the deep forests of Paraguay, but of these, and such as these, the traveller, so long as he keeps to the inhabited districts, or, if beyond their limits,

to the ordinary routes of transit, will hear little, and see less.

Still the negative difficulties — want of means of conveyance, want of roads, want of occasional interpreters, want of sufficient lodging — have, each in some measure and degree, to be taken into account; and against these the Asuncion administration, with the true courtesy and hospitable liberality of Paraguayan tradition, hastened to provide on my behalf. An officer, well acquainted with the country, a soldier for attendant, and three good horses, were placed at my disposition for the proposed journey, and a programme, or *carte de voyage*, was supplied, of a nature calculated to make me acquainted with as much as circumstances might allow of village life and land.

Having but a short time, barely four weeks in fact, at my disposal, I determined, at the advice of my kind hosts, to select for my visit what I may best summarily designate as the south centre of the country; a district of hill and dale, rivers and lakes, thickly — for Paraguay, that is — set with villages, and having on its east the high, forest-clad mountain ranges, beyond which flows the Parana, here the frontier of Brazil; on the south the rich plains and reedy marsh-lands of the province of Misiones, so named from the well-known Jesuit missions of former times, which here attained their fullest development; northward the successive hill ranges and wide *matè* plantations of upper Paraguay; west, a low screen of broken ground and copse, behind which flows the great river that gives its name to all the rest. After which geographical outline, I will only add, by way of general description, that if any of my readers have had the good fortune to visit beautiful Auvergne, in central France, and the scarce less beautiful Eifel district by the Moselle, they may, by blending the chief topographical characteristics of these two, clothing the surface of hill and dale with the graceful yet vigorous growths of a half-tropical vegetation, and overarching the whole with a sky borrowed from Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" — a sky, *pace* even Mr. Ruskin, by no means "impossible" in Paraguay, though I can well believe it so in western Europe — having done this, I say, they will have before their mind's eye at all events a tolerable likeness of the country I would gladly sketch, though I cannot worthily paint.

One name, judiciously selected from among the rest, may often serve as a peg whereon to hang a whole chain of ideas,

or, if the comparison be preferred, as a centre round which the vagueness of general description may crystallize into definite form. A secret of mental chemistry well known to poets; few readers of the "Paradise Lost" have, probably, hunted out "Imans" on the map, yet all have the picture of Milton's mountain-dwelling vulture distinct in their imagination; nor is it for nothing that the "sons of Eden" were inhabitants of "Telassar," though I have not been able to discover the whereabouts in any atlas-index as yet. But we all feel that a place with such a name must have been worthy of the race. For us, wanderers in an else unlocalized region, the mountain of Akái shall serve our turn.

The word itself, in aboriginal Guarani, means "burning" or "conflagration;" and the mountain that bears it is a water-formed mass of comparatively recent volcanic debris, situated in the midst of a region studded with at least a dozen smaller lava-cones, over which Akái towers to a height of two thousand feet and more. Its abrupt sides, partly clothed with patches of thorny brushwood, partly bare, are made up of loose masses of laterite and volcanic tufa, among which huge angles of harder lava project far out, rendering the ascent of the slope very difficult, indeed almost impracticable; while the few points at which an upward path, though no easier than "*Tra Lerici a Turbia, la più diserta, la più ruinata via*" of Dante's experience, is yet possible, are guarded by colonies of wasps, the "Spanish soldiers" of the Antilles, long, gaunt, bronzed, vicious-looking creatures, of a tenaciously spiteful disposition, who have, for reasons best known to themselves, made of these rocky gullies their favorite homes, and resent intrusion. The peasants of the neighborhood are, as a matter of course, little disposed to the labor — from their point of view a very unprofitable one — of scrambling up barren heights; but some German tourists had, I was informed, about two years before climbed the mountain, and, on their re-descent reported a large and well-defined crater at the summit, long since, it seemed, quiescent, and strewn at the bottom with a heavy, metallic-looking kind of sand, whereof they brought back with them a sample. This, for whatever cause, they left in a house of the village, close by, where I saw and, so far as I could, examined it; finding it in the result identical with the Sicilian palagonite described by Lyell in his "Elements of Geology."

That volcanic energy is still at work within, or, more probably, at some depth below the mountain, though of active eruption no record survives in that most brief and inaccurate chronicle termed "human memory," this narrative as it proceeds will sufficiently show.

Round Akái the soil, deep furrowed with rain-torrents, is almost exclusively composed of volcanic ash and decomposed lava, reminding me not a little of the neighborhood of Aghri Dagh, or Mount Argæus, in Cæsarea, of Asia Minor, like that region too in its wonderful fertility, almost, though not quite, rivalling the prodigal luxuriance of plantation, field, and grove at the base of the ever-burning Mayon pyramid in Philippine Albay. Most of the ground springs hereabouts — and if each of them has a naia of its own, the country must be thickly peopled with the daughters of Zeus — are ferruginous, some strongly so; thermal springs too were reported to me, but with the true vagueness of localization proper to the Hodges of every land and country, nor did I myself come across any.

It is just a short half-hour before sunset, and a large yellow moon, nearly full — for it is the thirteenth or fourteenth day of the lunation — balances on the east the yet larger orb of clear gold now near the western margin, while our party, some seven in all, myself, my military escort, and four chance companions of the roadside, ride our unkempt, but clean-limbed, spirited, and much enduring Paraguayan nags into the village of — I have my motives for not giving the name. We are all of us, the riders at least, well-tired, for the afternoon has been intensely hot, and we have come from far. Paraguayan villages, or country towns if you choose, though perhaps the title of "town" should be reserved to such as are the residence of a *jefe político*, or sheriff of the county, are all, large or small, much of a pattern; and that, in its general outlines, a Spanish one. Central is a large open grass-plot or square, and in the midst of that again the church, a barnlike building, utterly plain outside; the ornament within is of woodwork, sometimes very old and curiously carved; painting — if there be any — is of the crudest; occasionally relieved by dingy silver ornament, recalling Byzantine or Armenian reminiscences, an artistic wholeness. Whatever may have been the case in the days of clerical or Jesuitical leadership, religion has long since ceased to be the central occupation of the Paraguayan mind. It is,

now at all events, an accessory, rather than a principle, of life, nor, I am inclined to think, was it ever, in spite of outward and to a certain extent constrained appearances, anything more among the Guaranis. Yet so far as it goes it is quite genuine, and its influence beneficial, much in the same degree, and to the same result, as Buddhism in Burmah or Siam. Happily too it is here, as there, practically undisturbed either by missionary meddling on the one hand, or anti-clerical fanaticism on the other.

Close by the church is the bell-tower, square, and, with its cage like wooden upper story, twice the height of the building or more. In this land of electricity, for such is the entire Paraguay, Parana, and La Plata valley from Asuncion to Montevideo, that belfries should be often struck by lightning need excite no surprise. Jove of old had a noted predilection for thus demolishing his own temples; perhaps he remembered Semele. Next to a belfry, the most frequent victim—sadly frequent indeed—of a thunderbolt in Paraguay is a white horse, its rider included; not only did I hear of many such catastrophes, but one actually happened, the human victim being a widow's son of eighteen or thereabouts, close by a village where I was taking shelter during the storm. Should a dog, as is very generally the case, be of the party, it escapes unhurt. Of all which I can suggest no explanation; doubtless it is "for the best," nor do the Paraguayans, a very practical race, greatly vex their souls about that over which they have no control.

The houses that make up the square itself, are all one storied cottages, in English nomenclature, but with several rooms inside, and almost invariably fronted by a verandah—good shelter against sun or rain; the roof is of thatch; the flooring of trodden earth, and scrupulously clean. Cleanliness is the rule in Paraguay, and it extends to everything, dwellings, furniture, clothes, and person, nor are the poorer classes in this respect a whit behind the richer. Above all, the white sacques and mantillas of the women, and the lace-fringed shirts and drawers of the men, are scrupulously clean; nor is any one article in greater demand, though fortunately with proportional supply, throughout the country than soap. But to return to the village itself. Each house has behind it a garden, small or large as the case may be, in which flowers are sedulously cultivated: they are a decoration that a Paraguayan girl or woman is rarely

without, and one that becomes the wearer well. Without pretensions to what is called classical or, ethnologically taken, Aryan beauty, the female type here is very rarely plain, generally pretty, often handsome, occasionally bewitching. Dark eyes, long, wavy, dark hair, and a brunette complexion do most prevail; but a blonde type, with blue eyes and golden curls, indicative of Basque descent, is by no means rare. Hands and feet are, almost universally, delicate and small; the general form, at least till frequent maternity has sacrificed beauty to usefulness, simply perfect; as to the dispositions that dwell in so excellent an outside, they are worthy of it; and Shakespeare's "Is she kind as she is fair?" might here find unhesitating answer in the affirmation that follows, "Beauty dwells with kindness." A brighter, kinder, truer, more affectionate, more devotedly faithful girl than the Paraguayan exists nowhere. Alas that the wretched experiences of but a few years since should have also proved, in bitter earnest, that no braver, no more enduring, no more self-sacrificing wife or mother than the Paraguayan is to be found either!

My readers will, I am sure, pardon this digression. Let us back to our village; and first of all, as in duty bound, to the *jefatura*, or government house; in general appearance and architecture no way differing from the dwellings to its right and left, except that it is less subdivided internally, and consists of only one or two large apartments; to which sometimes a lock-up with a pair of stocks in it for minor offenders is added. Criminals are sent under guard to Asuncion. But crime is rare in Paraguay; though petty larcenies, and some trifling offences against village decorum and law are not infrequent. The authority of the *jefe* or sheriff, is chiefly that of a police magistrate; though a general superintendence of roads and bridges, or, to speak more exactly, of where roads and bridges were or ought to be, but in the present poverty of the land are not, falls also within his department. "Evidently these Guaraní-Vasco Paraguayans have, like their Malay half-cousins, a wonderful talent for quiet self-government, and little need of state machinery or official direction and control," was a reflection forced on me by what I heard or saw at every step of my journey, but not least when visiting the sanctuaries themselves of provincial authority or law.

Prefect, commissioner, judge, and so

forth, have each of them his private and family dwelling somewhere else in the square. An *omnium gatherum* shop or store, combining ironmongery, drapery, grocery, liquor, dry goods, toys, everything useful or, in its degree, ornamental, is sure to occupy a much-frequented corner—it is certain to be kept, not by a Paraguayan, but a foreigner; generally an Italian, sometimes a Spaniard or a Corrientino. Indeed, of such shops the larger villages boast up to three or more. Adjoining the principal square may be a second, of which the central object is an open, wood-supported shed with a raised floor, doing duty as market-place, whither meat, fish, vegetables, and so forth are brought for sale; or this useful construction may be situated in a straggling, irregular street, which in such case forms the backbone of the village. Somewhere in the neighborhood is the public burying-ground, surrounded by a wall, and with large wooden cross in the centre; monuments or inscriptions denoting the stories of the several dead are, I think, unknown.

We have made for the prefect or sheriff's house, and have, by his readily given invitation, alighted in front of the door. A further invitation to enter the house, is temporarily declined in favor of the lovely evening outside; and we seat ourselves in the verandah, looking out on the open square before us, and over its low roof-lines on a fringe of palm and orange groves, above which, in the dark purple shadows of a deepening twilight, rises the serrated range of Akáí, some fifteen or twenty miles distant. But our attention is first claimed for the Alpha, though by no means the Omega, of Paraguayan hospitality, the national *matè*. What coffee is among the Arabs, tea among the Japanese, that or more is *matè* to the Paraguayans, and, I may add from my experience of all three, to their guests.

True, the word *matè* though commonly used by Europeans, and even occasionally by South Americans, to designate the drink itself, is a misnomer; its proper signification being the small, dry, oblong gourd, generally dyed black, and sometimes compelled by bandaging, while yet green, to assume a fantastic shape, out of which the infusion of the *yerva* itself, or Paraguayan tea, is taken. The leaves of this tea-plant, if an ilex may so be denominated, are gathered amid the wide plantations of its growth on the borders of, or within the tropics of, northern Paraguay, and having been dried by a careful

and elaborate process, of which, not having myself witnessed it, I omit the description, are reduced to a coarse, light-green powder. With this the gourd, or *matè*, is more than half filled, and hot or boiling water poured in upon it. Almost immediately afterwards, with as little time left for "standing" as may be, it is presented to the drinker, who imbibes it through a silver tube, plain or ornamented, from eight to ten inches in length; one extremity is somewhat flattened for convenience of suction, the other expands into a bulb, or *bombilla*, pierced with small holes, which acts as a strainer to the liquid in which it is immersed. The servant who has brought it stands by waiting till the infusion has been drawn out, when he goes to refill it, and returns to present the apparatus to the next of the company in turn, and so on, till after two or three rounds a *basta*, "enough," or *gracias*, "thanks," gives the signal for its final removal.

Taken by itself and unsweetened—for those who add sugar to it, or, yet worse profanation, milk, put themselves merely out of court, as incapable of appreciating its merits—this drink is of all light and refreshing tonics that I know, Arabian coffee itself hardly excepted, the pleasantest and the most effective. The taste is aromatic and slightly bitter, not much unlike good Japanese tea. But rightly to esteem and enjoy it, one should have earned it by a long day's ride, in a sub-tropical sun, and drink it reposing in the cool shade, to feel fatigue pass into memory only, and vigor return with rest to every limb.

Meanwhile, others of the village magistrates have come up to salute the new arrivals, and talk, occasionally in Spanish for the benefit of the strangers, more often in Guarani when between the Paraguayans themselves, is freely entered on. Though cautious, and wonderfully secretive where secrecy befits, a Paraguayan is by nature cheerful and even open, fond of a jest, a laugh; free, in a degree I have seldom met among the natives of any other land, European or not, from prejudice or antecedent ill opinion; free too from shyness or any constraint except that of inbred courtesy and manly self-respect; slow to give his entire trust; slow to distrust also. Hence his acquaintance is easily made, and often ripens into real friendship. The expansive part of his nature may, probably, be due to Vasconian, Asturian, or Cantabrian descent, the more cautious and self-contained to

Indian; his courage and endurance to both.

Slight as is my knowledge of the Guarani language, my readers may perhaps care to hear the little I have been able to ascertain about it, more by practice than by set study, by ear than by books. Spoken in one dialect or another over the entire eastern half of South America, Uruguay (whence every vestige of its Indian occupants, the brave Charruas, has unfortunately disappeared) being the only territorial exception, Guarani belongs to the yet wider-spread, polysynthetic language system, common to every indigenous American race, north, central, or south, from Alaska to Patagonia. How far this system, with the almost countless dialects comprehended in it, stands out, in Mr. Keane's words, as "radically distinct from all other forms of speech," I cannot say. In Guarani, at all events, the amount of permutation, elimination, or agglutination of consonants or syllables, affixes and particles, is not more irregular, hardly even more complex than in old-Turkish, or Japanese. Where no native system of written characters exists, it is of course free to a stranger, employing his own alphabetic symbols, to run together as many words as he pleases into one; in pronunciation Guarani words are distinct enough and strongly accented, most often on the last syllable. Of gutturals there is a moderate, of nasals a more liberal allowance; in copiousness of vowels Guarani hardly yields to Italian itself. Lastly it is a pleasant language to the ear, and easily picked up, as the facility with which English, Germans, and other strangers acquire it sufficiently proves.

Whether, however, the speech itself be autochthonous, as Mr. Keane opines, or derive a trans-oceanic origin from some far back Mongolian or Turanian stock, no one acquainted with Kalmuk or Nogai Tartars, or Tagal Malays on the one hand, and with pure-blooded Guarani Indians on the other, can an instant doubt their community of race. It is not the complexion, the hair, the eyes, the general form of body and limb only that bear witness to as near an approach to identity as long ages of diversity in climate and surroundings can admit, but more yet the sameness of mind, of moral standard, of dispositions and tendencies individual or collective, of family and social organization, of ideas and beliefs, all of these strictly in accordance with those of the Mongolian branch of what Mr. Ferguson, with sufficient accuracy at least for our

present purpose, denominates the Turanian division of the human race. How the first Mongolians — parents of the manifold "Red-Indian" families by whom the new world was overspread — came to emigrate hither, at what epoch, by what route, in one band or in many, are questions little likely ever to be solved; monuments and tradition afford but confused and contradictory hints at most; and conjecture is not less idle than easy to make. Nor, again, would a solution, even if absolutely negative, much affect the existing facts. Identity of nature is one thing, community of origin is another; the beginnings of human existence are unknown, nor is the Darwinian theory of descent better supported by proof than the mythological; nor does it appear why the same cause or causes, whatever it or they may be, which originated the Mongolian race in Asia should not, simultaneously or at a different period of our planet's existence, have originated another race of mankind in America, identical or nearly so with the first, yet wholly independent of it in genealogical descent. Anyhow the resemblance is a certainty, though the how and why may be, and are likely ever to remain, uncertain and unknown.

Seated as we are in the verandah, and, by this time a group of a dozen or more, including the head authorities of the district, besides others who are not authorities at all, but merely small farmers or peasants, the talk turns chiefly on local interests, agricultural topics, and the like; the events of the capital and politics, generally so favorite a topic in many others of the South American republics, being here seldom discussed. The right to be well governed, the right to cultivate his own land, tend his own cattle, and to enjoy in peace the fruits of his labor, is the only right the Paraguayan greatly cares for; what form of administration, what government, what party, what policy assure him these, he heeds very little. There is no content like that of a land-owning population; and such from the highest to the lowest is the country population of Paraguay. Large estates are rare, and where they exist are cultivated by tenants whose fixity of possession is not less undisputed than the general proprietorship of the owner in chief; rent is paid in produce; and the share retained by the actual cultivator of the land is in the fullest sense his own. It is a state of things in which wealth, as understood in Europe, is rare; destitution, like that too frequent in many parts of Europe, un-

known. The capitalist is absent; but his train, hired labor, eviction, landlessness, homelessness, destitution, discontent, rebellion, revolution, are absent too.

Politics, the occupation of the idle or the dissatisfied, being thus ignored, we have free leisure for the far more profitable, as also pleasanter topics of agriculture, its resources, its development, its prospects. I may as well here remark, once for all, that although both horses and cattle are reared to a considerable extent within the Paraguayan territory, yet the country neither ought to, nor can ever, become a cattle-breeding one in the sense of the vast pasture lands of the South Argentine Confederation, or even of southern and western Uruguay. Here, between degrees 27°-22° of latitude, with an average yearly temperature somewhat above 70° F.; and with pasture copious enough, but rank and overgrown — the consequence of a winterless climate — horned cattle can never attain, either in size or quality, to a successful competition with those reared in cooler lands; while sheep, for whatever reason — the presence of a poisonous herb, called *mio-mio*, among the grass, is often assigned as the cause, but it does not seem to me a wholly sufficient one — are as complete a failure here as in the Philippines or Japan. Horses breed well; but except for local use are in little request; besides, these too are better reared in the south. Meanwhile the agricultural capabilities even of those districts hitherto in some measure set apart for pasture, are infinite, and the produce less liable to preponderant competition. Putting all which together it is clear that the Georgic of Paraguay must always be the first rather than the third of the Virgilian series.

In this Georgic three different kinds of cultivation take precedence as capable of yielding the largest and most advantageous results: the sugarcane, tobacco, and the *yerva* or Paraguayan tea. Of these the first is grown extensively; but, in the absence of fit machinery for extracting and ripening the sugar, *caña*, or an inferior kind of rum, obtained by a coarse distillation of the unrefined molasses, is the principal result. The sugar-mills in use are small, and of the roughest kind, worked by hand or cattle, after a fashion that may still be seen in the small negro holdings of Dominica; the boiling and cooling — for crystallization is, of course, out of the question — are equally primitive. Yet from the vigorous growth of the cane, and the amount of saccharine

yielded, it is evident that the material exists for more profitable purposes; and if the highly perfected and costly sugar-factories of Martinique, of Demerara, be for the present beyond the means of Paraguay, there is no reason why the simpler yet sufficient methods successfully adopted in Barbados should not meet with equally good results here. The experiment would be worth the making; the project is one I have often heard discussed among the peasantry, with much desire for its realization.

But no subject is more popular, none more readily entered on, than the cultivation of tobacco. Much indeed is actually grown in Paraguay, and the quality of the leaf is excellent, by no means, in my judgment, inferior to that of Cagayan, or, to give it its commercial title, of Manila itself. But the art of drying and preparing the leaf, no less than that of making it up, when prepared, into proper form, has yet to be learnt in Paraguay; both processes are at present conducted in a very unsatisfactory and hap-hazard manner; and the result is defective in proportion. Unseasoned, unprepared, unselected, badly dried, worse rolled, Paraguayan cigars only avail to tantalize the smoker with the suggested contrast of what they might be and what they are. I myself, for many decades of years a habitual smoker, could easily recognize at once the innate superiority of the wisplike tobacco roll that no care availed to keep steadily alight for five minutes, over the elegant-looking Brazilian — labelled "Havana" — cigar in my pocket-case; while painfully made aware at the same time of the artificial advantages that rendered the latter preferable for use to the former. The government that shall introduce a few skilled operatives of the Arroceros factory and the Cagayan tobacco plantations to teach, by example and practice, the arts of tobacco-growing and cigar-making to Paraguay will deserve a public memorial and a marble statue of the handsomest in Asuncion, as a true benefactor primarily of his country, and indirectly of South America, and the world at large. For what blessing can excel a good cigar?

At present of all the "mystery," to use an old phrase, of tobacco-growing, no less than of that of cigar-making, the Paraguayans, whose education in this really important regard has been sadly neglected, are practically ignorant; and many were the questions asked me about the cultivation of the plant, the proper manuring of the soil, the harvesting and

drying of the leaf, and so forth. For attached, and most justly so, as they are to their own country and its usages, they are by no means incurious as to what is done elsewhere, nor averse to adopt or copy what may be suited to their requirements. Nor are the Japanese themselves apter scholars to useful teaching; though, happily for the Paraguayans, the greater steadiness of their national character would hardly admit of the childish imitativeness and unwise parody that has so much damaged and perverted Japanese improvement of late years.

Of the yerva cultivation, for many generations the principal, almost the exclusive, source of Paraguayan revenue, my village friends in the Aká district have not much to say. The *Ilex Paraguayensis* is a shrub of tropical growth, and we are at present little north of lat. 25°. But I may here remark that the article itself, though still in considerable, is not in increasing request, rather the reverse; partly because of the Europeanizing mania widely diffused through the adjoining states, and which has included the use, once universal, of maté in its anathema of "uncivilized" pronounced on whatever is South American and is not Parisian, be it dress, usage, amusement, dance, music, or whatever else; and partly from the competition of Argentine and Brazilian yerva, both much inferior in strength and flavor to the Paraguayan, but also cheaper in their respective markets.

For my own part I do not see — climate, soil, and local conditions taken into account — why tea, so successfully cultivated in northern India and, to a certain extent, in Japan, should not be introduced into, and thrive in, Paraguay also. Every favorable condition, every requisite, seems, to the best of my observation, to be present; and were the experiment made, the chances of success are, I think, far greater than those of failure. I should recommend the hill ranges — now covered with mere forest — towards the Brazilian frontier as fit ground for a first attempt. The ultimate result would probably be the substitution of tea plantation for that of yerva to a considerable extent, to the permanent advantage of the Paraguayan market at all events; the *ilex* continuing to maintain itself, but on a diminished scale.

Maize, here no longer the stunted, small eared plant that we see it in Italy or southern Uruguay, but rivalling in luxuriance and produce the vigorous growths of the Trans-Caucasus and Asia Minor, is a

favorite crop; rice also, both the irrigated and the upland variety. Both are pleasing to the eye, the dark, glossy green of the Indian-corn plant making an effective set-off to the bright emerald of the rice fields. But more graceful than either in form and shape of leaf, though duller in tint, is the manioc, or, to give it the name best known to European commerce, tapioca herb, with its countless little domes of delicate leaves, each on its slender stalk; the root, reduced into flour, is the staple food of the peasants, who make it up with sugar and yolk of egg into cakes and rolls, very nutritious, but somewhat cloying to a foreign taste. A wider range of cultivation, such as, however, is at present beyond the reach of the half-peopled land, and a judicious use of the facilities given for washing the pulp by the lavish copiousness of pure running water in sources and streams throughout Paraguay, might easily make of tapioca an important item on the national export list. But orange-trees and palms, both native growths, valuable for their produce, though requiring hardly any care on the part of man, are of all others the distinctive features, the ornaments too, of a Paraguayan country landscape, which, taken altogether, comes nearer to the ideal of a habitable Eden, a paradise adapted to man as he is, in this working-day existence of our race, than any other region it has been my fortune to visit in the old world or the new.

Much might be added to the agricultural list just given, but those mentioned are the foremost in interest to the children of the soil. Or perhaps our conversation — for supper is not yet ready, and the tempered coolness of the evening invites us to prolong our out-of-doors *soirée* — wanders to the minerals of the land, unexplored as yet to any serious purpose, though the frequency of chalybeate waters testifies to the abundance of iron in the soil; copper, too, is often met with; gold and silver are talked of, but, fortunately perhaps for the country, little verified. Marbles of every kind, the pure white excepted, could be, but seldom are, quarried in the hills; porcelain clay abounds, and finds partial use.

The best product, however, of Paraguay, and that without which all the rest, however varied and precious, would be of little avail, is, to borrow Blake's strangely significant phrase, the "human abstract." That "the Paraguayans are a lazy lot;" that "the men in Paraguay do nothing — all the work is done by women;" that the

said men "pass their time in drinking maté, smoking cigars, eating and sleeping;" nay, that "there are hardly any men in Paraguay, nine-tenths of the population being female," with the not illogical corollary, to which I regret to see that Mr. Bates has, in his "Central and South America," lent the sanction of his high authority, that everything everywhere "in this unfortunate country" is in "a state of complete demoralization," — I had heard repeated *usque ad satietatem* by Europeans and Americans alike, both, in most instances, absolutely guiltless of any personal experience of Paraguay, or having passed a few days in a hotel at Asunción at most, before I made my own visit to that country. Hearing, I, of course, neither believed nor disbelieved, but waited the surer evidence of presence and sight. How far these last confirmed or contradicted the evil report brought up by others on the land, my readers will, if I have written to any purpose, sufficiently apprehend. In few words, then, the men and women, both of them, and either class within its proper limits of occupation, throughout Paraguay, are as industrious, hard-working, diligent, painstaking, persevering a folk as any I know of; nor are the women more so than the men, nor the men than the women. Of course the traveller will, in the villages, see more of the female than of the male sex, because the former, very naturally, stays more at home, the latter is more scattered abroad. That, when resting, men and women too, drink a good deal of maté, or yerva rather, I quite admit, but not so much by near as north Europeans do beer and gin, or south Europeans wine; and the Paraguayan drink is, at any rate, not the most harmful on the list. In eating they are assuredly very moderate and simple; that they often take a nap at noon is the necessary result of very early rising, a hot sun by day, and late hours — these, too, the consequence of climate and the delicious night temperature to follow. As to "complete demoralization," what the phrase may mean in a country where crime is almost unknown, violence unheard of, where the sacredness of a plighted word habitually dispenses with the necessity or even the thought of a written bond, where the conjugal fidelity of the woman is such as to be in a manner proverbial, and family ties are as binding as in China itself, where sedition does not exist, *vendetta* has no place, and every one minds his own business and that of his family without interfering with his

neighbors or the public order and law, I am at an utter loss to comprehend. But if this state of things — and it is that of Paraguay at large — be "demoralization," I can only wish that many other countries that I know of, not to mention my own, were equally demoralized too.

Not, however, that all is the Byronic "old Saturn's reign of sugar candy," even in Paraguay. For though politics, in the generally accepted sense of the word, rarely find place among the preoccupations of a Paraguayan landowner — and all the inhabitants here are landowners, some greater, some less — it cannot be supposed that past revolutions, changes of rulers and governments, a wasting war, a hostile occupation, years of such utter desolation that the nation seemed not prostrate merely but destroyed, have not left behind them memories of bitterness, local and family feuds, party watchwords, party hates. To define or explain these would be to retrace the entire history of the State for at least a century back, a task far beyond the scope of the present writing. Enough for the present that the two well known colors which have from pre-Islamitic times downwards ranged the rival elements of Arabia under the red banner of Yemen and the white standard of Nejed, which counter-distinguished the symbolical roses of the longest and most fatal of our own civil wars, and which are yet recognized as badges of civil dissension and war in many South American States, have also, though with special and local significances omitted here, divided the Paraguayans into Blancos or Whites, and Colorados or Reds, for aims, primarily and originally ethnico-political, now embodied in family feuds or personal wrongs. Curiously enough in this remote oasis of the world's desert, no less than in the Arabian peninsula, the Albion of the fifteenth century, and the sub-littoral America of the present, the red flag has mustered under itself what may best be defined as the distinctively national or patriotic party, while the white has been a signal for extra-national sympathies and alliances — a mere accidental coincidence, yet a remarkable one. Happily for Paraguay, the patriotism of her children, their loyalty to their mother country is so general, so fervent, that any less national feeling, however symbolized, however disguised, has comparatively but few to represent it, or support; fewest of all in the purely country districts, for example, in Akái.

The last pale streak of sunset has faded

in the west, and a silvery gauze of moonlight spreads unstained over the purple darkness of the deep sky, just pierced by the steel blue point of Sirius, or the orange glow of Canopus, now high in mid-heaven, lord of the southern hemisphere. Before us, touched by the deceptive light, the *luz maligna*, as Virgil with deep meaning calls it, of the large moon, the sharp peaks of Akái stand out in jagged relief against the sky, part black, part edged in glittering silver, as though they were immediately behind and above the village roofs; a startling contrast to the palm and orange groves, really near at hand, but almost lost to view in black shadow. No one is by us now but the *jefe político*, or sheriff of the village town and district; lights glimmer here and there in the house windows before us; but the grassy square, with its ghostly white church and spectral bell-tower, is lonely as a desert, as silent too.

"That mountain," said our host, and pointed to the strange ridges of Akái, "that mountain bears an evil name in all this neighborhood. Goblins of malignant will, shapes as of men, but præter-human in size and horrible to sight, are said to frequent its slopes, and fires that leave no trace by day are seen there at night." And he went on to recount, as having lately occurred, a ghastly story; how a party of benighted wayfarers had, only a short time before, taken up their quarters in a copse on the mountain rise; how after midnight they were awakened by a near glare through the trees; how two or three — I am not sure of the number — from among them boldly ventured to find out the cause, and after threading their way through the thicket came on a small stony depression, bare, but girt by brushwood, and in the midst of it a great fire, fiercely burning, and tended by giant figures, black and hideous, who warned them off with threatening gestures from nearer approach; how when they on their return told the tale to their companions in the wood one of the band, a lad of eighteen or so, seized as it appeared by a sudden madness, declared he would go whatever might betide and fetch fire from the blaze; how the others tried to detain him in vain; he broke from them and disappeared in the brushwood; how after a while they heard his screams, and forced their way with difficulty through the thicket to the little rock-strewn hollow, just as the first dawn was breaking; how they found no trace of fire on the ground, nor any living semblance or thing, only their unfortunate

comrade, horribly disfigured and burnt in body and limbs, who told how the goblins had seized him, thrown him into the mid-blaze and held him there; and having told this died in agony before the sun rose.

Stories, of this kind especially, lose nothing in the telling; the adventure was referred to wayfarers from a distance and to a date of some months back; and to inquire into the accuracy of the narrative, in whole or in detail, would have been very superfluous labor. Still it is notable that the tale should be, so our friend said, one of many similar in kind, and all relating to the same neighborhood and region. Can these strange tales be the distorted and transformed traditions of volcanic outbursts, long since quiescent? Or may they be due to some phenomena of inflammable vapors escaping from time to time, and bursting into light, or even fire, as atmospheric conditions may determine? That subterranean heat is still actively, though invisibly, at work here was evidenced this very year, when, on the 18th October last, just a month or so before my visit to the place, a loud, rumbling noise was heard from underground about ten o'clock in the morning, and all the villages of the district, to a distance of ten to fifteen miles round the mountain of Akái, from which — that is of course, from under which — all agreed both the noise and the shock proceeded, were suddenly and violently shaken; some, they said, by a single concussion, as if artillery had been discharged close by, others by a longer continued and vibrating movement, but all at the same hour and instant; all too heard the noise, though, it seems, with some difference of clearness and duration. Nothing of the kind, said our informant, had ever within man's memory occurred before. However, in the fact of the earthquake shock, and the sensation that it proceeded from Akái as a centre, all were agreed; it did not reach beyond this seemingly volcanic Eifel-like region, nor was anything of the kind observed in Asuncion then or afterwards. But that in the fact itself may lie an indication of what the weird tales of Akái and its night fires point to, seems to me not impossible, not improbable perhaps.

The teller of the tale was himself a remarkable man; one of those who are in a manner the type and compendium of the nation they belong to, summing up in themselves alike its physical and its mental characteristics, its merits, and its defects. Spanish, like the greater number of Paraguayans by name, and in part by

origin, he bore in his dark complexion, nearly beardless features, and slight frame, evidence of a considerable admixture, more than half, probably, of Guarani blood. A mere boy, almost a child in years, he had joined the national army soon after the outbreak of the unequal war in 1865, and had been present in almost every one of the land battles where his countrymen, victors or vanquished, in life or death, held their own without thought of flight or quarter against the triple alliance of their foes. Nor even then, when Humaita was lost, Angostura taken, Asuncion sacked, and the last army that what yet survived of Paraguay could muster, surrounded and slaughtered almost to a man, did the lad abandon his cause and his leader, but accompanied the ill-fated and, by this time, half-insane despot during the whole of that last year, when gradually driven towards the frontier he carried on an obstinate but useless guerilla war against the invaders of his country, till, hemmed in and at bay, he turned on his Brazilian pursuers on the banks of the Aquidaban, and, fighting to the last, died, with his eldest son Pan-chito at his side, more nobly than he had lived. Such of his few companions — they were not above three hundred in all — as had yet physical strength enough left to make any kind of resistance, died almost to a man like their chief; a few, unable either to fight or to fly, were made prisoners by the enemy; but others, disarmed though not wholly disabled, and resolved not to submit themselves as captives to the abhorred Brazilians, escaped to the woods and the yet uncivilized Indian tribes of the further mountains, where they remained sharing the huts and leading the life of their half-barbarous but faithful hosts and protectors, till another year had seen what remained of Paraguay — after her conquerors had partitioned the spoils — free of foreign occupation, and allowed them to return to where their homes had been, and to the fortunes of their country, then seemingly at its last gasp. One of these refugees, of Cerro-Corà and Aquidaban, was my friend, the narrator of the tale. Well aware, and often eyewitness of the cruelties and crimes that stained the latter days of Solana Lopez, he yet spoke of him with loyal respect, almost with affection, as the head and representative of the national cause; and would gladly, he said, yet give his blood and his life for his former leader; though unable to share, contrary to the evidence of his senses, in the still extant

popular belief, that refuses to admit the reality of Lopez's death, and hopefully awaits his reappearance from some hiding-place in the mountains even now.

From talk like this we are summoned by the mistress of the house, who is, also, like Milton's Eve, *ex officio* chief cook, to our dinner, in the materials of which vegetables, maize, pumpkin, sweet potatoes, beans, etc., bear a larger proportion than they would in the almost exclusively carnivorous regions further south. Table service, cooking, and so forth, are all more or less after Spanish fashion; the wines are Spanish too, and good. But Paraguayan appetite is not nice as to delicacy of food; and the gastronomic skill attributed by our great poet to his Eden hostess is decidedly wanting in the ministrations of this earthly paradise; a want, it may be, preferable to the observance. Anyhow, there is plenty on the board, and of sound quality too. In the country districts the women, as a rule, take their meals apart from the men, not on any compulsion, but because they themselves prefer it so: in Asuncion a more European style prevails.

Dinner, or supper, over, our host proposes that we should adjourn to a *baile*, or ball, the one favorite diversion of Paraguay, which has been got up to do honor to our arrival in one or other of the most spacious houses of the village, or, very possibly, in the *jefatura*, or government offices themselves. We cross the square, and find a large gathering of men, women, and children — for early hours are no part of childhood's diurnal discipline here, any more than elaborate dress — some, as direct participators in the amusement within, others, as lookers-on, without the brightly lighted-up building, and the band — no Paraguayan village is without its musical band, all much of a pattern — consisting of a harp, a clarinet, a violin or guitar, a fife, a drum, and very likely a tambourine or a triangle, in a group near the entrance, already engaged in tuning up and preluding to the music of the dance. The room, or rooms, within are or are not laid down with mats, as the case may be, and are well illuminated; chairs and benches are ranged against the walls, and doors and windows all wide open to the night insure coolness, spite of the flaring lamps and gathered crowd.

The women, dressed in Paraguayan fashion, with the long white *tupoi*, or *sacque*, deeply embroidered round the borders, and often fringed with the beautiful home-made lace of the country, with

silk skirts, or brightly colored petticoats, and a broad colored sash, some of them wearing slippers, others barefooted — no harm where feet are so delicate as theirs — are seated around, waiting each her turn of the dance. Their stock of Spanish is apt to be limited; and any pretty speeches which you naturally wish to make them had best, for fear of misapprehension, be made in Guarani; the smile with which you will be rewarded will quite repay the trouble of learning a phrase or two. The men are, some of them, especially if anyhow "official," in European afternoon or evening dress, which, I need hardly remark, is no advantage; some, however, are attired more becomingly in country style — ponchos, girdles, loose trousers, silver chainlets, and so on; the linen of all is scrupulously clean and white. The assembly is almost exclusively made up of small farmers, graziers, and peasants from the village and its neighborhood, with their families; but rich or poor, official or private, whatever be the social class they belong to, no difference is perceptible in manner or bearing; the same easy, though deferential politeness, the same freedom alike from obtrusive forwardness or awkward shyness, characterizes each and every one, whatever be the rank or sex, in speech and intercourse; at least they are gentlemen and ladies all in the fullest sense of those so often misappropriated terms.

The dances are either merely of the pan-European kind — quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, and lancers — or of, I think, Andalusian origin, though sometimes denominated Paraguayan; the *cielo*, the *media caña* (a great favorite, and very lively), the Montenero, and some variations introduced into the *contre-dansa*, belong apparently to this class. Whether the aboriginal Indians or Guaranis had any dances or music, properly speaking, of their own, and antecedent to the Spanish conquest, I do not know; but from the entire absence of any traces of such among the Paraguayans, I should think not.

Cigars, cigarettes, sweets, refreshments, drinks, among which last *caña*, the rum of the country, comes foremost, are freely distributed in the intervals of the dances, and the ball is kept up till morning light. Of all social amusements, for a minimum of expense and trouble, and a maximum of real enjoyment, commend me to a Paraguayan village ball. The cynicism of Prosper Mérimée himself could not be proof against it, and must have for once admitted that even for

a *désillusionné* society may still have some attractions, life some pleasures.

Beautiful rather than grand, continually varying, but without violent or sudden contrasts, the scenery which I traversed from village to village and day by day was of a kind better adapted to sight than to description; besides, the account already given of its general character and products may serve, at all events to those who have ever visited sub-tropical lands, to fill up the outlines of my sketch more truly than direct word-painting could do. Yet there are two features rarely wanting in a Paraguayan landscape that require some more special, though brief, mention: the forests and the lakes. The former, dispersed in patches amid the cultivated lands, and thickly gathered on the hill ranges to the east, are of singular beauty; and the trees, though inferior in dimensions and height to the giants of the tropical zone, have the advantage over them in greater variety of foliage and form of growth — now resembling the oak, now the beech, now the ash, with interspaces between them of bright greensward, unchoked by the rank bush of hotter climates; while a sufficient admixture of palms, some fan-leaved, others feathery, with bamboos, twining creepers, and orchids, give what a European might call an exotic tint to the picture. Many of these trees supply timber of great value: such is that of the mahogany and cedar, red or yellow; of the *lapacho* and *quebracho*, both hard as iron, and more durable; of the *timbo*, a tall, straight trunk, much used for canoe building; of the *urundei*, good for house timbers and ships; of the *jacarundá*, with its ornamental yellow grain; of the *palo di rosa*, or rosewood, and fifty more, all destined to no unimportant part in the commerce of the future — whenever that shall be. The boughs of many of these trees are wide-spreading and fantastically contorted, the leafage generally small, prettily serrated, and of a dark, glossy green, agreeable to the eye.

As to the lakes, they are liberally distributed over the whole of Paraguay, and vary in size and character from small, marshy pools of little depth, to the wide water sheets of Ipoa and Ipecarai, each considerably exceeding in size any of our own English lakes, and proportionately deep; both belong to the central district through which I travelled. Each of them has, in popular tradition, a story attached to it, telling of its origin; that of Lake Ipoa, as related to me, was not dissimilar

to the tradition memorialized in the Dead Sea, though fortunately the waters of Ipoa are not salt, but sweet and abounding in fish. The Ipecarai lake is, on the contrary, said to be brackish. But the shores of both are lovely, gently shelving in most places, and clothed with alternating wood and meadow down to the silvery mirror's edge. These lakes are the favorite resorts of water fowl — wild duck, and teal in particular — in shoals resembling floating islands from a distance. Partridges and snipe are the principal winged game by land; I heard of bustards too, but saw none; ostriches, or, more properly, emus, abound everywhere. Of four-footed game there is plenty too by plain and forest, from lions, tigers, panthers, and deer, down to hares and rabbits, besides other South American quadrupeds—all declared by the peasants "good to eat," but tastes differ.

How far the varied and ever lovely country in which they live, the "pleasure situate in hill and dale," nowhere more lavishly bestowed by nature than here, abundance of wood flowers and fruits, the fern-margined fountains and sparkling streams, the stately trees and deep, waving meadows, and all the perennial beauties that make of Paraguay the wonder and the delight of all who visit it, how far, I say, these things may have contributed towards making up the peculiarly cheerful, contented, genial character of those who live among them, I cannot tell; theories of the kind are the veriest card houses, lightly set up, as lightly thrown down. Yet I have noticed, not once, but often, and in many regions wide apart, how much more serious, more unexpansive, more sombre, in fact more unamiable a type of dweller is generally found in open, treeless, objectless lands of monotonous downs or wide level, whether such be under an Asian, an African, or a European sky; whether the denizens of the landscape be agricultural, as in lower Egypt, or pastoral, as in the Dobruja and the Eastern Steppes, or mixed, as in Holland. The absence of what may be termed the ornamental side of human nature is still the same. For the habitual sight of beauty in some form or other, and its frequent contact seem to be necessary to the development of the beautiful in man's nature itself; and where the surroundings are bare and dull, the inner life is apt to share in the bareness and dulness of its dwelling place. It is not only exceptional natures, as a Giorgione or a Turner, that grow incorporate with, and reproduce in

themselves, the scenes of their childhood and youth — all men, I think, do it, more or less; and the advantages enjoyed by a high-born child, carefully brought up, and supplied with every opportunity for the fulfilment of every innate power, over the poverty-hampered, stunted, starved child of destitute parents, are not more than those which the native of a fair land, a bright sky, and a genial climate possesses over the offspring of a harsh heaven and an unlovely earth. Nature, like too many other mothers, has her favorite children, and the Paraguayans are in this respect the Benjamins of her family.

My riding-tour, during which I visited four out of the twenty-three districts into which Paraguay is now divided, being over, I returned, not without some regret, to Asuncion; and thence, after a short interval allowed to the kindness of my hospitable entertainers, re-embarked on the main river for an up-stream voyage of about two hundred miles more to Concepcion, the chief town of northern Paraguay, situated just within the Tropic of Capricorn, and the principal centre and depot of the *matè* or *yerva* traffic. But of this section of the river, its villages and its scenery, also of the *yerva* groves, or forests rather, I must defer the description till another opportunity.

Much too I have omitted, even in what concerns that section of the country which I have to a certain extent described, not because unimportant or wanting in interest, but as reaching too far beyond the limits of my present scope, and fitter for a complete work on Paraguay as it was, or is, than for a slight sketch of the superficial impressions made by a few weeks passed within the territory. The form and tenure of the actual government, as established in 1870, and maintained, at any rate, to the letter, since then; the condition of the army — that army which not many years since, alone and unassisted, held the invading forces of half South America at bay; of the navy, whose small wooden steamers so long made good the river defence against nearly double the number of gunboats and ironclads; the newly created judicial organization and legal tribunals; the position of the clergy; the system of popular education, the elementary schools established throughout the country, — all these are, I think, better here passed over altogether, than touched on after a slight and possibly misleading fashion. Nor have I, for similar reasons, said anything about the various co-operative enterprises — agricultural, pastoral,

or industrial—undertaken of late years, chiefly by foreigners, within the Paraguayan territory, with varying failure or success; nor about the yet “uncivilized,” that is un-Europeanized or neo-Americanized Indian tribes, some scattered through the riverine districts and the adjoining villages, “among them, but not of them;” others keeping more apart, and tenanted the mountains and forests of the east and north towards the Brazilian frontier; but all on good terms with the Paraguayans as such, though little inclined, it seems, to modify their own ancestral habits or occupations.

Leaving these things aside for the present, enough has, I think, been written here to show that Paraguay, no less than her sister republics of the south, is a country with a future; that the Paraguayan nationality, though reduced to scarce a third of its original numbers, and left houseless and homesteadless on a desolated land, has yet, in a few years of comparative peace and quiet, already sufficiently, thanks to its intense and inherent vitality, recovered itself enough to bring a large portion of its territory under cultivation, to restock its pastures with cattle, and, best of all, its villages with contented, happy, and increasing families—the surest pledge of complete restoration and lasting prosperity in time to come. Assertions like those, made and repeated but fifteen years ago, by Masterman and others of his kind, that the Paraguayans “exist no longer,” that “their destruction was inevitable,” that they were “the tree which will bring forth no fruit,” and should accordingly be in due course “hewn down and cast into the fire,” they being “incapable of civilization;” winding up with the Cassandra predictions that “the foreigners whom they distrusted and despised will till the ground which they abandoned to tares and brambles, and enjoy the fair heritage which they were unworthy to possess;” that, “the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon will soon fill the void,” or, more wonderful yet, that the Paraguayans themselves will “perforce ask Brazil to take the little she has left of their habitable territory, and annex it as the smallest province of the empire,” show very little knowledge in those who have uttered them either of the country or of its inhabitants. That the Paraguayan nation has by no means ceased to exist, that neither its past, which culminated in a State which, weighed in the balance of a six years’ struggle, proved almost a counterpoise for the greatest empire and the

greatest republic of the south, conjointly, nor its present with its vigorous outcome of new energy, new life, bear either of them the most distant resemblance to barren fig-trees, tares, brambles, or any other combustibles of the biblical list, are facts that whoever cares to visit the land as I visited it may easily assure himself no less completely than I did. As to Paraguayan civilization, he will find it what I found and have described it; and he must be hard to satisfy if it does not content him. With regard to Teuton and Anglo-Saxon immigrants, by whom I conjecture Germans and Englishmen to be meant, they and their labors are, and always will be, welcomed, protected, encouraged in Paraguay; but I do not foresee any likelihood of their superseding the vigorous race that forms the bulk of the existent nationality, nor would it be desirable that they should. Far better, as far more within the compass of probability, that they should, by adopting that nationality for their own, contribute a fresh and most valuable element of industry and perseverance to the born children of the soil. As to Brazil, the only favor Paraguay has to ask of her is to be a just and friendly neighbor; more than that neither she nor any other State will, I trust, have the un wisdom to attempt, nor would the Paraguayans, betide what might, for an instant allow. Paraguay is yet herself; and her sons and daughters are yet, as they ever have been, true to themselves and to her. *Esto perpetua!*

From All The Year Round.

A PARIS SUBURB.

FEW people when they land on the other side of the Channel, however often they may repeat the experiment, fail to be struck by the difference between the two neighboring people. Everything is different—the appearance of the people, their manner, their carriage, their way of doing business, their habit of life, their streets, their shops, their houses, even their horses and their dogs. Further experience only deepens this sense of difference, and shows that it extends, not only to idioms of speech, but to modes of thought and habits of mind. The whole people is different, and every fresh experience brings the fact out the more clearly.

One of the most striking of the outward evidences of their difference is in the

capitals of the two countries. It is difficult to say where London ends and the country begins. Ten miles away from Charing Cross you are scarcely out of the urban atmosphere. Paris, on the other hand, is almost bounded by the fortifications. The consequence is that the suburbs of Paris are almost as much country villages as the suburbs of London were fifty years ago. Paris is out there, no doubt. They can tell you what those big towers and domes are that you can see looming in the distant town, these suburban folk; but numbers of them have never been in Paris. It is where the train goes, and where the train takes their wine, and their cherries, their figs, and asparagus, but they are utterly ignorant of what the life of the great town is like. They sell their produce to Paris much as the natives of one of the South Sea Islands would sell theirs to the white men, and without seeking to know more of the life of their customers.

There are people, of course, in these vine-growing villages who have daily intercourse with Paris, even people whose business is in Paris, and who come back in the evening as our citizens would go down to Putney after their day's work, but they are merely chance dwellers in an agricultural district. The interest of the country is in the vines; a good vintage is more to them than wars or revolutions. As the season of the vintage comes on, masses are said on its behalf; propitiary bunches of grapes are put in the arms of the statues of the Virgin at every street-corner; and the priest goes out with a solemn procession of cross bearer, acolytes, and choristers, to bless the vines and sprinkle them with holy water. In spite of this, however, when there is a wet season and no sun, the crop is occasionally bad, and then there is lamentation in Argenteuil, and all the surrounding villages.

But it is not only in their faith in the blessing of the Church that the dwellers in these French suburbs differ from their brethren in England. The major part of the population are *vignerons*. Most of them are well-to-do farmers, farming their own vineyards, and possessing realized incomes of four or five hundred pounds a year, to which every year they add more. English farmers in the same case would live in ease, if not in some luxury, and would blame the times when they found they had exceeded their incomes, and had to mortgage their acres. If they lived in a hunting country, they would follow the

hounds on occasion, and would have a dog or two to shoot over. Their sons would be sent to boarding-schools, and their daughters would learn to play the piano, though they might not be able to make butter.

The life of a French vigneron is very different. Not necessarily better, but altogether different. Soon after daybreak, summer and winter, the vigneron and his whole family — wife, sons, and daughters, turn out and start for the vineyards. The men are clothed in blue cotton blouses and loose trousers of the same material, sabots on their feet, and black cloth caps on their heads. The women wear dresses of grey woollen stuff, bind their heads up in colored cotton kerchiefs that are finished off with a curious little knot at the top, and, like their father and brothers, clank along in wooden sabots.

There is generally something to be done in the vineyards and orchards all the year round. In the winter and spring the ground has to be cleared, then the vines have to be staked, and, as they increase in growth, to be fastened to the stakes. In many vineyards asparagus is grown between the rows of vines, and requires endless care and labor. Much of the large white asparagus with purple-green heads that is sold in London, comes from between the rows of vines in these French suburban vineyards. Later there are the figs to be gathered, and the cherries; and all the while the vines have to be tied, and cleaned, and pruned — each vine receiving individual attention. Then come the gathering of the grapes, and the making of the wine; and lastly the cutting down of the vines, the drawing and stacking of the stakes, the cleaning and dressing of the ground, and the burying of the fig-trees against the winter cold. At certain times of the year this constant labor necessitates the employment of hired help; but for the greater part of the time it is done entirely by the vigneron and his family. Every morning they go out with hoe and knife to their fields, and, except for the necessary meals, do not return till night. Few English farm-laborers work harder, or live more sparsely, than these well-to-do French wine-growers. Except on *fête* days or Sundays they seldom taste meat. When they cut down their vines in the autumn the stems are stacked for fuel. With a small, crackling fire of this wood they boil their coffee in the morning, and their vegetable soup and beans for dinner. This, with coarse brown bread, milk cheese, and their own thin red

wine, they consider enough to work upon from sunrise to sunset.

They are not a highly educated class, it must be confessed. As soon as they can handle a hoe they start with the rest of the family for the vineyards, and so there is no time for schooling. At least it was so not so very many years ago. Now the ubiquitous schoolmaster has got hold of them, and probably some one has to be paid to do the work of the small hoer; but formerly the vineyard was the one interest with which no one thought of interfering. Hoeing, pruning, grape-picking, grape-pressing, wine-storing, wine-selling, and so back to hoeing, pruning, etc., with never another thought or interest except the steadily growing stocking — it is a curiously monotonous life, but one the people seem to lead with perfect content; marrying into the same class, and bringing their children up to do the same with them and after them.

With one of these vigneron I was some years ago on terms of great intimacy. M. Blanc was the owner of extensive vineyards, in a village six or seven miles outside the fortifications of Paris — a cheery, apple-faced little man, with a cheery, apple-faced wife, a buxom daughter of seventeen or eighteen, who promised to be as cheery and apple-faced as her parents, and another daughter married to a tradesman in the village.

M. Blanc was a man of considerable substance. Besides his extensive vineyards he had a large house, forming three sides of a square — one side dwelling-house, the other sides store-rooms, pressing-rooms, and vats, with a courtyard in the middle, and underneath were the cellars where he stored the hogsheads of his own wine.

M. Blanc was a very good specimen of his class. His vineyards and orchards extended far out into the valley. His premises were imposing in extent. When you went to see him, madame would take the ladies of the party up-stairs and show them cupboard after cupboard, and press after press, full of household linen and the colored kerchiefs which the countrywomen always wear instead of hat or bonnet. They only washed — their linen, I mean — once in six months, and their stores were more than enough to last that time. On high days and holidays, when madame wore her silk dress, she displayed on her cap and throat lace that made the Englishwomen pale with envy. When the Mlles. Blanc married, their father gave them a fortune of two hundred pounds a year

each. If you went into M. Blanc's vineyards when the grapes were ripe, or into his orchards when the cherries were ripe, he would urge you to eat your fill; and in the season he was liberal of his asparagus. But if you went out directly after breakfast in the summer you would be very likely to meet M. Blanc and his family coming home for their second breakfast, after having done three or four hours' work with their hands among the vines; and if you went to his house later in the day, you would see him sitting at the corner of a bare deal table eating for dinner a basin of beans, or some such vegetable, with a mass of brown bread and a glass of red wine by his side. On one occasion I went in there with a man who knew him well, and found him discussing just such a dinner, and madame warming some soup on a crackling fire of vine-cuttings. We apologized for disturbing him at his repast, but the courteous vigneron insisted on our sitting down and having a glass of wine, and in the course of our talk my companion remarked that he wondered how he (Blanc) could work in the way he did without eating meat. ¶Whereupon the good man looked up from his beans and remarked: "Well, I should like some meat, but —" And here a twinkle came into his little, wrinkled eyes, he glanced at his wife, gave a queer little shrug of his shoulders, and philosophically went on with his beans without any further verbal explanation.

To see M. Blanc in his glory, however, you must be in his neighborhood at the time of the vintage. For a fortnight or three weeks previously, you would probably have had frequent presents of grapes left by M. or Mme. Blanc, as they came back from their work; but in order to get these ripe bunches, you would have had to search for some little time among the vines. Gradually, however, you would see the purple tint spreading through all the grapes, and, as this color became general, you might notice the arrival in the village of tired and hungry-looking men and women, coming first singly and then in companies. These people are the grape-pickers. They generally know with extraordinary exactness when a particular vineyard will be ready for picking, and arrive often only the day before the ripeness is complete. Sometimes a vagary on the part of the weather will upset their calculations, and, unless they chance upon such good souls as the Blancs, their case is a hard one, for, as a rule, they are penniless when they arrive, and their very

lean condition is still further reduced before they begin work. At last, however, the great day arrives, the word is given, and good times begin for the grape-pickers.

A French vineyard is not in itself a picturesque sight. Walking through it, you can see little more than the vines immediately round you, for they cannot grow above their supporting poles, which are all about six feet high. Standing on a height over them, you seem to be looking over a vast grey sea, for the country is very flat, and you see little but the grey tops of the poles. As the season advances towards the vintage, the white, chalky roads become inches deep in dust. All along the margins of the road the vines are thickly powdered with it, and a foot passenger comes home looking like a miller. There is nothing very graceful either in the vines or the grapes. The vines are immature hop vines, and the grapes are very small, and grow so closely together that the best way of eating them is to take a bite out of a bunch as you would out of an apple — if your teeth are good enough. It is true you have to take your chance of coming across snails and slugs, and such small deer; but the snails are the white, edible variety, such as you may see in the restaurants, and the slugs have, at all events, been nourished on the vine.

The picturesqueness of the vineyard begins with the picking. If you live near the road to the vineyard, you are awakened at dawn by the sound of cart wheels and the jingling of the horses' bells; probably, also, by the shouting and singing of the pickers, for no doubt old Blanc has given them supper overnight, and their coffee before they start in the morning, and they are elated at the beginning of the work.

The carts are two-wheeled machines with long bodies. In them stand open tubs. They are drawn up in the road near where the master intends to begin operations. The hands are then divided into two parties — the pickers and the carriers. The pickers, generally women, are provided with hand baskets, and the carriers with panniers, which they carry on their backs in the way universal with French peasants. As the pickers strip the vines, and fill their baskets with grapes, the carriers come round and collect them in their panniers, which in their turn are emptied into the tubs in the cart. The picking for the first day or so is slow, for every one is allowed to eat as much as

he or she likes, and the people, having generally been on short commons for some time before, show no disposition to neglect their opportunities. Many of them will eat twenty pounds a day, and they fatten visibly day by day under the treatment. When the tubs are full they are driven down to the vigneron's house, and emptied into the vat. And so the work goes steadily on from sunrise to sunset. About midday a halt is called; all hands assemble in some convenient spot — generally under the lee of the carts, for other shade is hard to find — and bread and cheese is served out: loaves a yard or so long, and great, flat, round cheeses that look very tempting. They seem to be good, too, by the way the men put them away, in spite of all the grapes they have eaten. There is an unwonted appearance of plenty to which they are unaccustomed, and their faces beam with satisfaction. In the evening, when it becomes dark, the party, sunburnt and tired out, returns to the village. Madame, who has come back a little while beforehand, has a steaming mess of meat and vegetables, which is served out to the hands with great hunks of bread — a much better dinner than she and her husband allow themselves at other times.

M. and Mme. Blanc celebrated the completion of one vintage by dining with us. Madame arrived in her silk gown of state, her gold chain round her neck, and her lace high-crowned cap on her head. Monsieur had on his Sunday boots, and his black Sunday trousers, and a shirt of dazzling whiteness, with a collar of dangerous stiffness and height. He was shaved, too, and scrubbed till he shone like a lady pippin, but over his white shirt the sensible man had put a clean blue blouse.

There had evidently been a family discussion on the subject, for as madame came into the drawing-room, before she had saluted any one, she pointed at her entertainers, and turning at her husband, exclaimed, —

"Ah, I told you so; I told you they would make a toilette. Go home at once and put on your coat."

In vain was all remonstrance on our part. Madame hauled an enormous key out of her pocket, and monsieur had to take it and go home and put on his black cloth coat of state, in which he eventually returned, looking, and evidently feeling, like a hog in armor.

It was a terrible garment, that coat; it pinched him at every joint, he was conscious of it whenever he moved. Several

times he was on the point of taking it off, and was only restrained by his wife's fierce looks and nods. It quite spoilt his evening; he couldn't relax or enjoy himself till the ladies had left the room, and he was allowed to put himself at ease for a while. Madame, however, had come to enjoy herself, and she did so with a whole heart. As a preparation she pinned back her lace sleeves, and turned the skirt of her silk dress inside out, and set to work in a business-like way. As each dish came in she clapped her hands and laughed like a child.

"Ah, v'là le gros bête!" she exclaimed, as a turkey-poult made its appearance, and then proceeded to make what was evidently a traditional joke about its want of clothing, and when she and her husband took their departure with their cheery "Ben swear, maisieu", m'dame," there was no reason to doubt her assertion that she had very much enjoyed her dinner.

Some time after this dinner I attended a much greater feast given by M. and Mme. Blanc in honor of the marriage of Mlle. Blanc to the son of a neighboring vigneron.

There was no half-heartedness in their hospitality. The ceremony, with its attendant formalities, lasted all day, and the invited guests were expected to "assist" at the whole of it. At half past ten we paraded in M. Blanc's courtyard. Monsieur had spent the morning among his wine-casks, and was now changing his blouse for the black cloth suit of ceremony. He informed us of the fact himself from the window of his bedroom, adding that he would soon be down, and giving directions to some of his friends who had already assembled to take care of us. Soon after this, madame made a similar announcement as to her own toilet, and invited the ladies to give their help and advice towards its completion. Madame, they afterwards reported, only required some finishing touches to her laces. The bride was under the hands of the village hairdresser, who had previously operated on her father's beard; but when this ceremony was completed their services were requisitioned to get the lady's gloves on. The glove-maker had not, in stock, any gloves made for the hands of a lady who had spent fourteen of her twenty-one years of existence in hoeing vineyards. She had, therefore, to take the ready-made article, and the English ladies came out of her room looking hot and exhausted with the labor of getting the bride into them. It required both patience and

physical exertion. One of them took the bride round the waist and pressed her forward, while the other kneaded the gloves on to the damsel's fair fingers. The kid was sound, and stood the strain put upon it, but all through that hot day the poor bride held her hands as if they were suffering from the nip of frost.

While this operation was going on upstairs I was being entertained by my deputy hosts below. Their idea of entertainment was tobacco and drink in the state chamber. I was accordingly conducted there, given a seat on the state sofa, and made to join several excellent old gentlemen in the consumption of very bad tobacco. When I declined the red wine they offered me, brandy was produced — there was no escaping their misguided kindness in one form or another. My only consolation was that there were others suffering a worse infliction; for when I got into the fresh air again, the babel of sound that came from the bride's room seemed to me worse than the dense atmosphere of tobacco smoke I had come from. A room full of the chatter of women who spend their days in the fields is an experience not lightly to be encountered.

When I came out into the courtyard, it had a very bright appearance. The guests had assembled to the number of about a hundred. Black cloth seems to be the holiday dress of the working population of all countries. It certainly was so with the male guests on this occasion.

The ladies, however, were resplendent. Each of them wore a silk dress, in nearly every case, I believe, their own wedding dresses, a high-crowned lace cap, and lace over their bosoms; and I am credibly informed that this lace was very beautiful. Each one also wore a gold chain, a gold watch, a bracelet, and a brooch, which the bridegroom always gives to his bride on the wedding day.

I was surveying this scene, and trying to catch the meaning of the clipped words my friends were launching at me from all sides, when I was interrupted by a softer voice than usual, saying, —

"Pardon, m'sieu'"; and before I could fairly turn round, I received a salute on my cheek from the bride.

Before I could think of a pretty compliment and turn it into French, the lady had passed on — and, indeed, as she had to kiss some fifty men, there was no time to be lost. Fortunately for me I was among the first of them. On looking round I was amused to see that the bridegroom had paid my wife the same cour-

tesy, more, I think to her astonishment than satisfaction.

When this ceremony was over we were marshalled in pairs, the bride and her father leading the procession, and marched to the Mairie, where the civil contract was ratified. That over, we marched in the same order to the church to receive the nuptial benediction, after which we had the advantage of an address from the curé, in the course of which he informed the newly married pair that, rightly considered, marriage was an "avant goût de ciel." How he gained his experience he did not say.

On leaving the church we found a band of music awaiting us, and, preceded by it, we marched to a restaurant in the village, where the wedding breakfast was served. Arrived there, the bride took up her position at the doorway of the courtyard, and received the congratulations of her friends as they filed past her to an upstairs room where the wedding feast was to be held.

Before it was served, however, we had an hour to wait — a very grievous hour. Most of the party had probably breakfasted somewhere about daybreak, and from then till two o'clock was a long time to wait. Too long for many of the guests, the bride and bridegroom among the number, for I saw them in an adjoining room having a preparatory basin of soup.

At last the *repas* was announced, and we were marshalled to a room where a hundred places were laid at tables resplendent with all the resources of the confectioner's art. Before we sat down, however, preparations had to be made. Such a feast as this was a serious business, and we had our suits of state on. These suits, in the case of the men, restricted the movements of their arms, and in the case of the women might suffer damage from incautious management of their viands. The men, therefore, took off their coats and sat down in their shirt sleeves; the ladies contented themselves with turning the skirts of their dresses inside out, and pinning their lace sleeves up to their elbows; and then, prepared for the fray, we sat down, the ladies on one side, and the men on the other, the space between the bride and bridegroom being filled by two enormous sugar-candy peacocks standing head to head.

The large number of guests severely taxed the resources of the restaurant, and we had to wait a considerable time between the different dishes; but we had come there for serious enjoyment, and were not

to be put out by any such small matter as that. Whenever we were tired of waiting we got up and strolled about the room, and so returned to our places with a fresh appetite. It also had the advantage that the cook was thus able to do full justice to the dish in hand, which consequently came up frizzling hot. The beaming faces of content and enjoyment all down the table, too, were worth seeing, but even the pleasure of that failed somewhat before the end of the four hours during which the banquet lasted. During the first part of the dinner the ordinary wine of the country was drunk, but after some time — during a pause between two courses — champagne was handed round. Thereupon the bride and bridegroom rose from their places and went down the whole length of the room, clinking their glasses, the bride with the men, the bridegroom with the women. Later on Madeira was handed, and the same ceremony was gone through by the parents of the newly married pair. Again the tedium of one of the long pauses was relieved by the disappearance from his place of a small nephew of the bride. Presently he reappeared by her side, and when she lifted him up he displayed in triumph a huge bunch of colored ribbons — presumably the bride's garter. With this he was led off by the bridesmaids, who cut it up into rosettes and distributed it to the guests.

Everything has an end, and at last, about six o'clock, we finished our dinner and went outside to smoke, take snuff, or amuse ourselves in any other way that occurred to us — all except the parents of the bride and bridegroom, who stayed behind to pack up the remnants of the feast in handkerchiefs for conveyance to their own houses.

The dinner had cost them eighty pounds we were told, and indeed it could hardly have been done for less; but for that, it seems, they bought it outright, and were entitled to take away with them what was not eaten.

After dinner the procession was reformed, and, headed by the band, went for a walk through the village and into the country, returning to the restaurant for the ball, which began at ten and went on till four in the morning. The next three days were spent by the newly married couple and their relations in promenading the neighborhood, and paying and receiving visits, and the evenings in dancing; and on the morning of the fourth day, if you had been up a little after sunrise, you might have seen the happy pair going off

to their vineyards, the bride in her grey woollen dress and head-kerchief, and her husband in a blue linen suit.

Not very long after their marriage hard times came upon France, and this village was the headquarters of a German army corps.

I had heard now and then of the Blancs, and was glad to learn that they, personally, had not shared in the misfortunes of their country. The Germans paid honestly, and these good people found in them a ready market for their commodities.

Some years after the peace, being in Paris, with time on my hands, I went down to see my old friends.

Except that the village had grown, and that the new church, which was in process of building when I last saw it, was now finished, nothing was altered. It seemed incredible that a hostile army should have been in occupation of the place; even a little wooden hovel that I remembered still remained untouched.

I made my way down to M. Blanc's house and found Madame in the courtyard. Finding she looked at me with some appearance of antagonism, I told her who I was, adding that I was afraid she had forgotten me, to which she bluntly responded that she had—what did I want? In vain did I tell her that all I had come for was to inquire after her health and shake her by the hand. "I couldn't have come for that," she said, "I must have some business. Did I want to buy some wine?"

At last a woman with grizzled hair, whom I with some difficulty identified as the ruddy-faced bride, who was sorting figs in a shed at the other side of the courtyard called out, "Don't you see, mother, it's M. —?"

"And who is M. —?" was the answer the old lady vouchsafed.

"It must be a long time since we had the pleasure of seeing you, sir," said the daughter, seeking to soften the effect of her mother's manner.

I agreed that it was, and mentioned the number of years that had elapsed.

"Ugh!" said Madame Blanc; "why, that was before the war!" And with that she turned on her heel, and would have nothing more to say to me.

The war seemed to have obliterated from her mind all that had gone before. Why it was so I didn't make out. She hadn't suffered at all; indeed, it had been a source of great profit to her and her family; but it evidently seemed to her to be absurd that a man should come to her

to talk of what had occurred before "the war."

On leaving the Maison Blanc, I went down to inspect the church, and, finding the curé there, I complimented him on the fine building that had been completed since my last visit. He accepted my compliment graciously, and showed me all there was to see in the church, afterwards taking me outside and pointing out the place where a round-shot had gone through the west window, and the bullet-marks spattered all over the walls.

"But the Germans didn't do that," he hastened to explain; "the Germans had nothing to do with it; that was all the work of the Communists."

When I came to consider what "the war" meant to these people—what a series of horrors their primitive lives had encountered during that winter, I no longer wondered that such fierce emotions had made hazy in the old peasant's mind all that had gone before it.

From The Leisure Hour.

AN AFGHAN JAILER.

BY REV. T. P. HUGHES, B.D., LATE OF
PESHAWAR.

It was in February, 1842, that the news reached England of the complete annihilation of the British army in Afghanistan, and that some thirty British officers, ten English ladies, and some twenty English children were being held in captivity by a treacherous and murderous race, who felt they had wrongs to avenge.

The Afghan who had charge of these prisoners, now forty-three years ago, is still living at Peshawar.

Mirza Bahoo-ud-deen Khan is now an old man. He cannot be less than eighty years of age. But he still possesses considerable strength and vigor. Being a firm supporter of the cause of the ex-ameer Yakooob Khan, he has been outlawed by the present ruler Ameer Abdur Rahman, and has therefore sought protection of the very race whom he once held in cruel bondage in Fort Budddeabad in the year 1842.

The Mirza was not a cruel man, but it was impossible for wild Afghans of the hills to understand what were absolutely necessities of life to English ladies and their little children. They suffered much in that lonely fort. A certificate, the original of which is in the writer's possession (having been given to him by the Mirza

himself), bears testimony to the man's kindness, and we find the following entry in the diary of the late Sir Vincent George Lawrence, dated March 11, 1842, to the same effect:—

Mirzah Baha-oo-deen applied to Troup and myself to get him a certificate signed by all the captives testifying that he had treated us well, as he was about to be relieved of his charge. We gladly complied with his wishes, as he had deserved well of us all. He is an intelligent man without the overweening conceit of his countrymen, and knowing well that the destruction of our army would one day be avenged, he thought it a prudent measure to provide himself with a document which would be of great use to him hereafter.

The document has certainly been of the *greatest use*. For after an interval of many years, the old jailer on presentation of his certificate obtained a liberal reward from the government, and he has now exchanged the fading document for a photograph of the same, with extracts from printed books and reports regarding his services. Lady Sale, in her popular diary of the Cabul Insurrection, has the following entries regarding our friend:—

March 11, 1842.—The Mirza Bawadeen Khan is getting a paper signed by us all to say he has treated us well, from whence we expect he thinks our party (the English) will eventually gain the ascendant.

March 19.—No earthquake to-day. The Mirza is ordered off, and the Nazir of Mohomed Shah is come in his place. The Nazir begins well: says the Mirza cheated us of our allowance; that two sheep and twenty fowls are to be distributed daily, one seer of flour and one of rice to each room, with ghee in proportion; and that we are to have raisins, sugar, and tea monthly. . . . For myself I regret his going away, as he was always very civil to me, getting me any little thing I required.

Lieutenant Eyre (afterwards Sir Vincent Eyre) gives in his diary the following notice of Bahoo-ud-deen:—

Bawudeen Khan was an old acquaintance of Captain Troup, who in peaceful times styled himself a Syud, but now for a time sunk his religious distinction of Syud in the more warlike distinction of Khan. This man had, at the outbreak of the rebellion, been imprisoned on suspicion of favoring the English, but was released immediately on the arrival of Mahomed Akbar, whom he had befriended during that chief's confinement at Bokhara, and to whose fortunes he now attached himself. His manners were exceedingly boorish, and he took little pains to render himself agreeable, though from his previous conduct there was reason to believe that, under his roughness of exterior, there lurked a secret preference for our cause.

It appears on the day previous to the one on which the testimonial was given, the Mirza rendered important service, for Lieutenant Eyre writes:—

March 10, 1842.—In consequence of repeated earthquakes we deserted the house and took up our abode in some small wooden huts constructed by our servants. To-night our slumber was broken by loud cries of "Murder!" which were found to proceed from Lady Sale's Hindoostani ayah, whom one of her admirers, in a fit of jealousy, had attempted to strangle in her sleep. The wretch, failing in his purpose, jumped over the wall, which was about twenty feet high, and, being discovered in the morning, narrowly escaped a hanging by lynch law at the hands of the Meerza (*i.e.*, the official to whom this certificate was given next day), who was with difficulty persuaded to alter his sentence to banishment from the fort.

March 18.—The Meerza was this day recalled by the Sardar (Akbar Khan) and his place filled by the Nazir of Mahomed Shah Khan.

The old Mirza now says he was removed because he had been too kind to the English ladies and gentlemen. His manner now is certainly the reverse of boorish, but having been honored with the confidence of the great Ameer Dost Muhammad, as well as of his successor Sher Ali Khan, the jailer of 1842 has now acquired the manners of a courtier. At Simla and in other Indian stations where he has visited British officers, he has not only been kindly received but has become a favorite. There is, of course, a vast contrast between his duties in the Fort Buddeabad in 1842 and those in the year 1885 at Simla and Peshawar. Forty-three years ago he was our *jailer*, he is now our *guest*.

It will be remembered that after the British occupation of Afghanistan in the year 1838, the British government felt so secure of their position, that many of the English officers sent for their wives and families. English bungalows were erected, English furniture was imported, and all the comfortable surroundings of civilized life were found in the British cantonment outside the walls of Cabul.

On the 2nd of November, 1841, the residence of Sir Alexander Burnes was attacked, and both the embassy and his two companions, Lieutenant Broadfoot and Lieutenant Burnes, Sir Alexander's brother, were massacred.

Rebellion followed. The whole British army at Cabul was annihilated, only one Englishman, Dr. Bryden, reaching Jellalabad to tell the tale. The English ladies,

and a few English officers retained as hostages for Dost Muhammad's release, who was then an exile in Calcutta, were prisoners in the hands of the Afghans.

With the exception of Lady Macnaghten and Mrs. Trevor, the ladies lost all their baggage. Some had little children depending upon their help. And thus these helpless women with their young families were obliged to march it on the backs of camels or on the tops of baggage mules, until they found an inhospitable home in a miserable little fort in Lughman, known as Fort Buddeabad. The exact number of English prisoners released on the arrival of Generals Pollock and Nott at Cabul, in September, 1842, was thirty-five officers, eight non-commissioned officers and men, two clerks, twelve women, and twenty-one children, but some of the officers were prisoners in Ghaznee, and in other places. The number of signatures on the old jailer's certificate is twenty-seven.

Old Bahoo-ud-deen Khan's reminiscences of forty-three years ago are somewhat clouded, but three events seem to have impressed themselves most vividly on the old man's mind — the earthquake, the birth of three little European prisoners, and the treasures contained in Lady Macnaghten's boxes (the latter, of course, being many of the presents taken by the late envoy for presents to political officers). It is an amusing coincidence that Sir George Lawrence, in his book, "Forty Years' Service in India," mentions the Mirza's interest in these boxes. He says, "The Mirza hinted to me this day that he knew Lady Macnaghten possessed much valuable property, which the gift of a pair of valuable shawls to himself might save her being deprived of. Accordingly her ladyship, on my advice, bestowed a pair of the handsomest on our keeper, which had the desired effect of saving the rest." Now, after a lapse of forty-three years, the old Mirza, having witnessed the massacre of another embassy — although, thank God! not the defeat of another army — has a grateful recollection of the share he had in Lady Macnaghten's boxes. He says he still possesses the shawls.

He remembers turning out his poor Hindustani servants, who were incapable of work from frost-bites, wounds, and other injuries, whom Sir George Lawrence says the Mirza plundered of all they possessed, but he says he did it under the imperative orders of Sirdar Akbar Khan; but, he adds, "The English gentlemen and

ladies know very well that I let a lot of them into the fort again!"

Many of the names of that noble band of prisoners, whose names are attached to Bahoo-ud-deen's certificate, have become historic.

Poor General Elphinstone signed his name with a dying hand and a broken heart; Vincent Eyre, whose stirring narrative of the massacres the great Duke of Wellington declared, in his speech in the House of Lords, had deprived him of a night's rest; Colin Mackenzie, a devoted Christian general whose remains now rest in the Edinburgh cemetery; Eldred Pottinger, the "hero of Herat," whose name we still find remembered with respect in that distant Afghan province; George Lawrence (Sir George Lawrence), the last survivor, who died only a few months ago. Then of the ladies' signatures we find Mrs. Anderson, whose little girl was then in the hands of the Afghans; Lady Macnaghten and Mrs. Trevor, whose husband had been slain by an Afghan prince; and last, but by no means least, Lady Sale, the most heroic spirit of the company, whose brave husband, General Robert Sale, was defending Jellalabad, and whom she urged never for one single moment to take the perilous position of his wife and daughter (for Mrs. Sturt was also a prisoner) into consideration where the honor of his country was concerned.

The other names on the certificate are Brigadier Shelton, Major Griffith, Captain Souter, Lieut. Waller, Captain Anderson, Captain Colin Troup, Captain Bygrave, Captain Johnson, Dr. Magrath, Mrs. Eyre, Lieut. Melville, Mrs. Sturt, Mrs. Waller, Lieut. Mein, J. Trevor, Captain Boyd, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Mainwaring, J. Waller, and Conductor Ryley.

Such are the names, many of them now illustrious names in the annals of our empire, which are inscribed on this interesting document, and written in an Afghan prison-house by British captives forty-three years ago.

This document brings us face to face with one of the saddest pages in England's history, showing how it is possible, when the God of battles is not with the hosts of Britain, that the greatest calamities and the direst misfortunes may happen to the nation.

Within the short period extending from 2nd November, 1841, to 13th January, 1842, history records the massacre of our embassy — Sir Alexander Burnes and Sir William Macnaghten — the total destruction of an army of six entire regiments,

three companies of sappers, a troop of European horse artillery, half a mountain train battery, a whole regiment of regular cavalry, four squadrons of irregulars, with some twelve thousand camp followers, the loss of more than a hundred British officers — events which must now rekindle the deepest interest in the hearts of Englishmen now that Afghanistan has again become the centre of political strife.

From The Spectator.

THE MARCH OF THE WHITE MAN.

AMONG the little-noticed but most important facts in the history of the world is the enormous recent increase in the number of white men in it. It is barely two centuries (1683) since those races, though even then the most energetic of mankind, formed but a small fraction in the total of humanity — probably ten per cent. of the whole — and were by no means certain that they could defend themselves against the remainder. The stream of Asiatic conquest had not stopped, for the Turks were at the gates of Vienna; an African fleet was dominant in the Mediterranean; Asia knew nothing of the whites except in one or two tolerated settlements on the coast fringe of India; Africa belonged exclusively to Africans; and though the whites had mastered South America, where, read in the light of subsequent history, their conquests were incredibly rapid, most part of North America still felt Indian wars to be terrible and even formidable events. Even a hundred years later the white people, though under the operation of the still unexplained law which at one time fosters and at another time restricts the growth of a people they were increasing slowly, were still only a hundred and fifty millions, or probably a seventh of the population of the globe. They had, indeed, annexed the two Americas and northern Asia, thus quintupling the area of their estate upon the planet, and probably multiplying their fixed wealth by at least twentyfold — a country being always the largest item in the wealth of any race or nation — but they had only begun to settle in the western continent; they had but commenced to conquer in southern Asia; they had visited, but not occupied, Australia; and in eastern Europe and western Asia they were only slaves to an Asiatic horde. The century, however, ending 1884, has been marked by an advance so rapid and so unbroken

as to be scarcely credible, and to present one of the most startling facts in history. The white races in and out of Europe, under the influence of some still mysterious call upon their energies, have multiplied nearly threefold, and are to-day, as Mr. R. Giffen has shown in his recent address to the Statistical Society, four hundred and twenty millions. As there is no evidence of any corresponding increase in the dark races, and as, indeed, such increase has been, outside India, nearly impossible, the white men are now, by the best calculations, one-third of the entire population of the world, instead of being, as they were only two centuries ago, a little more than ten per cent. They have, moreover, if anything, increased in physical strength, and have so developed in brain, and consequent power of organization, that it may be doubted if the whole remainder of mankind, even if all were reduced to equal weapons, could seriously injure the white third, which again, if it chose to act together and employ without pity the weapons its intelligence has enabled it to construct, could in a few years reduce the remainder of the world to an uninhabited desert. Except in the South Pacific, where, by one means or another, they kill out the darker men, the white races show no tendency of that kind — though we take it in the dawn of history they exterminated pretty freely, especially in India — but they do show a strong disposition to take possession of the whole earth, and govern it as they please. The Chinese are the only great race remaining which can be said to be truly independent and free from the predominating influence, more or less directly exercised, of the energetic white men, who pour in increasing streams over the remainder of the earth's surface. They, indeed, alone traverse the ocean. The Chinese keep a few ships; and a few small vessels manned by dark sailors, mostly pirates or slavers, or pilgrim carriers, still hang about the coasts of southern Asia or eastern Africa; but the fighting navies of the world, and its great transport ships, and its mercantile marine, are all alike white. No dark race could bombard a white harbor, or transport an army across a hundred miles of sea in the face of a prohibition from white men, — who now exclusively occupy Europe, except the corner on which Constantinople stands; who occupy two-thirds of North America, and dominate over North and South America down to Patagonia; who have taken possession of Australia and New Zealand,

and most of the larger isles of the South Pacific; who claim, if they do not possess, the whole of northern Asia, from the Ural to the Yellow Sea, and who dominate the whole of India, Indo-China, and the delta of the Nile. They have lately taken to conquering Africa, and are entering it at a hundred points at once; seizing, almost silently, certainly without serious effort, huge slices like French Africa, South Africa, Madagascar, the vast valley of the Niger, and the still more extensive region drained by the system of rivers called the Congo. Nor is there much reason to believe that the process will soon be checked, for the white men are urged forward by an irresistible spur over which they have no control. The increase of the yellow race, which must once have been so incredibly fast, has stopped, and that of the dark races of India, which for a century has been amazing, is being checked by recurrent famines; but that of the white peoples goes on so fast that the transport of a huge army every year across the Atlantic makes no impression on their numbers, and at their present rate of increase they will in 1984 be a thousand millions, or much more than half of then existing mankind. The Chinese have recently shown some resisting power; the English have apparently — it may prove only apparently — halted, indecisive, in their march up the valley of the Nile; but the general movement sweeps ever forward, and within the century it seems more than probable that every corner of the earth will be ruled by white men, and that the *audax Iapeti genus*, as Horace perceived them to be, will be the only independent race within the planet, which their tireless enterprise will then have rendered quite visible and very small. Not even internal war arrests the rush, still less human volition. Because Germans and Frenchmen fought, France is in Tonquin, Tunis, and Madagascar; and in spite of Mr. Gladstone, Englishmen are reaching the Zambesi, are encamped in Egypt, have gained full footing in Borneo, are legally reigning on the Niger, and are looking with greedy eyes on all the remaining lands of the South Pacific. It is difficult to read such a record without feeling that the quarrels of old Europe, of which we make so much, are rather petty affairs, or without doubting whether after all Prince Bismarck does very greatly affect the fortunes of the human race. The ultimate Law-giver, who scatters the nations, and who has taken off the ban of sterility from the Aryan to inflict it on the Turanian, seems to be stronger than he.

The world is the heritage of the white man, — that is the first lesson of Mr. Giffen's figures; but there is another, also, which Englishmen will do well to think over patiently, and, if they can, without hatred in their hearts. They have no right to anger with the visible will of God. If Mr. Giffen's figures are correct — and, subject to some arrest of existing law, they must be as correct as if they were merely unapplied calculations — there is but one race on earth with whom it behoves the Teuton in all his branches to keep friends. This supremacy of the white man will in the end — and, recollect, children may be born to-day who will see the end, and then be younger than Sir Moses Montefiore — be the joint supremacy of the Teuton and the Slav. In 1984, when the world contains a thousand millions of white faces, six hundred millions of these will be English and Germans, and three hundred millions will be Slav. There will practically be no other white races, the French not increasing, the Spaniards increasing slowly — if, indeed, as in Mexico, they do not rather suffer absorption into a dark people; the Scandinavian having stopped absolutely; and the Irishman, true to his destiny, helping only to swell the power of the race he professes to detest. If the Teuton and the Slav can keep friends, the world is theirs; and if not, there will be the most terrible struggle recorded in history since the white barbarians fought the white Romans and their darker allies. We are not sure that an agreement is possible until a great fight has taken place, for Slav and Teuton seem unwilling to comprehend each other, though there is not between them the internecine hatred sometimes observed in history; but if their statesmen could arrange terms on which the conflict could be permanently avoided, a huge mass of misery might be saved to our immediate descendants. To avoid the quarrel will be difficult, for the Slav is just now strangled; and to reach the open water, and so take his natural part in the greater movement of mankind, he must pitch himself on somebody, be it on Turkey, or England, or China; but the means of avoidance are worth the study and patience of years. Mankind is not very likely to be happy when all is done, for in all this movement is no cure for sin, or pain, or poverty; anxiety increases as fast as intelligence, and sympathy — which means suffering — faster than strength; but one grand condition of even moderate well-being is that Slav and Teuton should learn how to live together in peace. If

not, the Teuton may some day—in less than a century—find that every third white man is a foe, and that the third man has the power of ranging behind him the darker races of mankind. The Teuton has the art of dominance; but the Slav has gained a strong hold wherever he has ruled, and can do at least one thing we cannot,—he can conquer the Turanian without rousing his unquenchable hate. Now, the Turanian is the only race not white which should in 1984 be strong.

From Nature.

THE MEASURE OF FIDGET.

LATTERLY—no matter where—I was present at a crowded and expectant meeting. The communication proved tedious, and I could not hear much of it, so from my position at the back of the platform I studied the expressions and gestures of the bored audience.

The feature that an instantaneous photograph, taken at any moment, would have most prominently displayed was the unequal horizontal interspace between head and head. When the audience is intent, each person forgets his muscular weariness and skin discomfort, and he holds himself rigidly in the best position for seeing and hearing. As this is practically identical for persons who sit side by side, their bodies are parallel, and again, as they sit at much the same distances apart, their heads are correspondingly equidistant. But when the audience is bored the several individuals cease to forget themselves and they begin to pay much attention to the discomforts attendant on sitting long in the same position. They sway from side to side, each in his own way, and the intervals between their faces, which lie at the free end of the radius formed by their bodies, with their seat as the centre of rotation varies greatly. I endeavored to give numerical expression for this variability of distance, but for the present have failed. I was, however, perfectly successful in respect to another sign of mutiny against constraint, inasmuch as I found myself able to estimate the frequency of fidget with much precision. It happened that the hall was semicircularly disposed and that small columns under the gallery were convenient as points of reference. From where I sat, fifty persons were included in each sector of which my eye formed the apex and an adjacent pair of columns the boundaries.

I watched most of these sections in turn, some of them repeatedly, and counted the number of distinct movements among the persons they severally contained. It was curiously uniform, and about forty-five per minute. As the sectors were rather too long for the eye to cover surely at a glance, I undoubtedly missed some movements on every occasion. Partly on this account and partly for the convenience of using round numbers I will accept fifty movements per minute among fifty persons, or an average of one movement per minute in each person, as nearly representing the true state of the case. The audience was mostly elderly; the young would have been more mobile. Circumstances now and then occurred that roused the audience to temporary attention, and the effect was twofold. First, the frequency of fidget diminished rather more than half; second, the amplitude and period of each movement were notably reduced. The swayings of head, trunk, and arms had before been wide and sluggish, and when rolling from side to side the individuals seemed to *yaw*; that is to say, they lingered in extreme positions. Whenever they became intent this peculiarity disappeared, and they performed their fidgets smartly. Let me suggest to observant philosophers when the meetings they attend may prove dull, to occupy themselves in estimating the frequency, amplitude, and duration of the fidgets of their fellow-sufferers. They must do so during periods both of intentness and of indifference, so as to eliminate what may be styled "natural fidget," and then I think they may acquire the new art of giving numerical expression to the amount of boredom expressed by the audience generally during the reading of any particular memoir.

F. G.

From The Spectator.

THE BIBLICAL BROTHERHOOD:

A NEW RUSSIAN SECT.

ALBEIT inferences based on seeming historical analogies are almost sure to be wrong, there can be no question that the condition of France before the Revolution of 1789 and the present condition of Russia show several striking points of resemblance. As touching religion, for instance, we see among the upper classes the same scepticism and the same deep dissatisfaction with the existing order in Church and

State; among the masses of the people the same credulity and superstition, the same subservience to a clergy who are at once the servile instruments and chief upholders of the despotism. In France also, until the very eve of the Revolution, there was the same intolerance of Dissent, and, among the great majority of the nation, almost the same reverence for royalty that characterizes the Russia of to-day. Was not Louis XVI. — perhaps the very feeblest of all the Bourbon kings — called by his people Louis le Désiré? But here the analogy ceases, and the contrasts far exceed the similarities. It was not in the nature of things for the Gallican Church, whose head was a spiritual potentate, to be as intensely national as the Orthodox Greek Church, whose chief is an autocratic czar. Louis le Grand could no more have treated the French clergy as Peter the Great treated the Russian clergy, than he could have built a new Paris at the cost of a hundred thousand lives. Russia, moreover, has nothing corresponding with the Huguenot element, nothing that can be compared with the French *bourgeoisie*; and her nobility differs as widely from the old aristocracy of France as the *moujik* differs from the *peasant*. Still another point of difference is, that whereas, after the Reformation, France was free from religious novelties, Russia is fruitful in new creeds. For though, at first sight, the government seems to act and speak for the entire nation, and dissent from the Orthodox Church is strictly forbidden, often severely punished, the power of the State to control the beliefs of the population has of late years greatly diminished. The rapid extension and vast size of the empire, the great variety of races, religions, and climates, have impaired almost to paralysis the apparent omnipotence of the czar in things spiritual. Ministerial orders and imperial ukases have not sufficed to check the singular evolution which, beginning half a century ago, is still in progress. Every new idea finds apostles and confessors. Dreams of social and religious transformation haunt the popular mind; while so prone to enthusiasm and exaltation is the Slav genius, that the very men who reject God deify humanity, and suffer and die in its cause with the constancy of martyrs and the courage of heroes. Hardly a year passes which does not witness the birth of some fresh sect, whose beliefs are a strange compound of Byzantine theology, Hindoo mysticism, and European Communism.

Until within a few years past, the invention of new religions was limited to a few great lords of St. Petersburg, the Orthodox Slav peasants of Great Russia, and the Protestant Lettish peasants of the Baltic provinces. But the passion for new departures has now extended to the Jews of New Russia and of the Ukraine, some of whom have founded a sect with the avowed aim of reconciling Hebraism and Christianity. Its beginnings date from the early part of 1880. Its first apostles were four poor Jews of Elizabethgrad, — a tailor, a corn-dealer, a notary's clerk, and a village schoolmaster. Their first converts were the members of their own families and a few personal friends, and they called themselves the Biblical Brotherhood. Their object was not alone to promote fraternity, but to combat the well known aversion of Oriental Jews to hand labor, to which end they established communistic agricultural societies on the systems of Fourier and the White Quakers of New York. Despite the open hostility of their Jewish kinsfolk, and the cold indifference of their Christian neighbors, the new community made rapid progress; but like all innovators, they had to undergo the ordeal of persecution. Anti-Semitic riots broke out; and being confounded by the ignorant peasants with the Jews from whom they had separated, their houses were attacked and pillaged, and themselves dispersed, the leaders being compelled for a while to leave the country. But they have now returned, their propaganda has been resumed with great success, and the sphere of their activity includes the whole of southern Russia. The Brotherhood, young as it is, has already produced two offshoots, the Rationalist Association, which confines its labors chiefly to the Ukraine, and the Community of New Israel, whose headquarters are at Odessa.

One, if not the chief cause, of the success of the movement is probably the protection afforded to it by the State, by which it has been officially recognized. For although the czar's government bitterly opposes dissent from the Orthodox Church, it is in accordance with its traditional policy to patronize any movement which seems likely to injure the Judaism it so much detests, and against whose adherents it is even now preparing new measures of repression.

It would not be possible within the limits of an article to set forth the entire religious system of the confraternity of Elizabethgrad, the more especially as their

articles of faith are, in some instances, too vague to be easily defined. Their principal material object, as explained in their manifesto, is "to uproot all personal and egoistic tendencies, all spirit of sect and caste, and to substitute therefor neighborly love and the religion of humanity." "Science without faith," they say, "is reason without sentiment,"—a sentiment which, however commendable, seems a little wanting in clearness. As touching faith, however, the brotherhood does not err on the side of making too severe demands on the credulity of its neophytes. Converts are called on to believe nothing "which modern science does not recognize as possible." Hence the belief in revelation, which they are required to avow, does not imply a belief in miracles; and science is looked upon as being no less precious than religion itself. In "revelation" are included both the two Testaments and the Talmud, all of which the brotherhood accepts, yet while accepting, rejects. For albeit the moral and spiritual teachings of the sacred books are regarded as worthy of all acceptance, the historical traditions are looked upon as destitute of authority and undeserving of credence. Their definition of the soul's immortality smacks of esoteric Buddhism. "The souls of our fathers," they say, "are the intellectual possessions of the present age; science, knowledge, our higher moral conceptions, the general conscience of humanity. . . . Our own souls will acquire the quality of immortality in proportion as we propagate science and truth for the good of all men; and the more we do this, the nearer shall we draw to God, the eternal ideal."

Like the English Society of Friends, with whom they have some curious points of resemblance, the Biblical Brotherhood abhors ritual. Their marriages are of Quaker simplicity. Bride and bridegroom present themselves before the community, express their desire to take each other for better or worse, receive the congratulations of their friends, listen to a discourse, and the knot is tied. The untying is not quite so easy. Before a couple can receive a divorce, they must obtain the consent thereto of ten brothers and ten sisters. The brotherhood, moreover, abjures all the traditional ceremonial and elaborate observances of Jewish worship, one of their chief aims being, as they omit no opportunity of proclaiming, to break down the barriers which have hitherto separated their "brethren after the flesh" from their Christian neighbors. To this end they

exhort the former to exchange their gabbardines for the costumes of modern Europe, to abandon the horrible idiom—a mixture of Hebrew and German,—at present spoken by Russian, Polish, and Hungarian Jews, and, in short, to give up every custom and usage which marks them as a race apart. "Let all regenerated Israelites," say the prophets of Elizabethgrad, "forget their ancient hatreds and renounce the narrow prejudices of sect. Let them give up usury and finance in favor of husbandry and agriculture, of all occupations the honestest, the healthiest, and the best, and employ for the general good of their kind the remarkable intellectual qualities with which nature has endowed them."

The new religion, as will be seen, is essentially rationalist, therein differing as widely from the grotesque faiths that have lately won so many proselytes among the Russian peasantry as Judaism differs from the Orthodox Greek Church. The sect of New Israel, an offshoot of the brotherhood, is somewhat more orthodox than the parent Church, in the sense that they revere Christ as a messenger sent from Heaven, if not as the actual son of God, and describe themselves as Israelites of the New Testament. Those of our readers who desire to have a more complete account of the doctrines of New Israel we may refer to a pamphlet, entitled, "*Dokumente der national-jüdischen christgläubigen Bewegung in Südrussland*," recently published in Leipzig by Professor Delitzsch.

As we have already observed, these movements amongst the Jews are favored by the Russian authorities, while, on the other hand, religious agitation among the peasantry is, as far as possible, discouraged and suppressed. From the imperial despotic point of view, no policy could well be more short-sighted. For it is quite evident that the mania for new religions is both a symptom and a cause of the mental and moral unrest which affects, more or less, the entire nation, and, like Nihilism itself, is part of the general uprising against the principle of authority in the Church and of despotism in the State. So far as the autocracy is concerned, the Jewish movements are by far the most dangerous of the merely spiritual revolts, for, involving as they do the rejection of time-honored dogmas and traditional restraints, their tendency is essentially subversive and revolutionary. Their influence cannot be limited to the body in which they have originated; wherever the

new doctrines are preached sedition is disseminated. The schisms which enjoy the special protection of the State, because they may possibly disintegrate Judaism, are much more likely to make against despotism. But if despots had always been wise, nations might never have been free, and Russian liberty has more to hope from the faults than the virtues of the autocracy.

From The Spectator.

THE MUSICAL PITCH QUESTION.

THE question of musical pitch, which is once more engrossing professional attention, can hardly be expected to appeal with direct force to the general public, or to the great bulk of amateurs. "Not one in a hundred amateur musicians," as Mr. Davison wrote in 1869, "possesses an ear so musically sensible as to be able to know one key from another away from paper, where, of course, the printed signature is a guide." Nevertheless, it is much to be desired that all lovers of music should be awakened to the significance of an agitation which has for its acknowledged aim the further diffusion and internationalism of the art, whether through the medium of singers, instrumentalists, or composers. And though the mass of amateurs are unlikely to be affected by the change, still they, in common with the non-performing but appreciative public, may be supposed to feel some interest in the preservation of all valuable public property, and as Mr. Hullah once happily pointed out, the voices of the great singers can be regarded to come under that denomination.

With regard to musical pitch itself, let it suffice to remind our readers that, while all civilized countries have adopted the same system of musical notation, and have agreed on what spaces or lines of the staff the notes of the scale shall be written, a great divergence prevails as to the pitch or height of these notes, — speaking more technically, of the number of double vibrations per second which these signs shall represent. Scientific methods for ascertaining the number of these vibrations have existed long enough to make it clear that the pitch has been forced up a full tone since the time of Handel, and about a semi-tone since that of Beethoven. Vocalists anxious to display an exceptionally high range have contributed slightly to this result. But the

chief offenders have been wind-instrument makers and conductors. The latter imagining or rightly believing, for it is still a moot point, that increased sonority or brilliancy of tone was attainable by heightening the pitch, encouraged the former to sharpen their instruments. Now certain wind instruments once constructed are practically unalterable, so far as pitch is concerned, or only alterable at considerable expense, whereas stringed instruments, by tuning up, or the device of using thinner strings and slightly modifying the structure of the interior, can be adapted to any pitch. So the upward movement went on, orchestras being more than at present dependent upon military bands, and obliged to conform to the pitch of the new and constantly sharper instruments produced by the competing manufacturers. As early as 1834 a congress of physicists met at Stuttgart to determine the question, and proposed as the standard a pitch of 528 for C = 440 for A, a suggestion that was void of practical result. Five and twenty years later the question came to a head in France. An international committee was appointed in which men differing as widely in musical temperament as Berlioz and Rossini were included. Their sittings elicited much valuable information and resulted in the recommendation of the *diapason normal* A = 435, C = 522, which was forthwith fixed by legal decree. The advantage of a despotic government where art is concerned could not be more happily demonstrated. The Napoleonic pitch was accepted and has prevailed from that date in France, and is now being enforced by government decree in Belgium. Meanwhile in England the pitch which had been fixed by the Philharmonic Society in 1813 — we quote from the speech of Mr. Ellis at the recent public meeting held in St. James's Hall — at A = 423½ and at 433 in 1820, rose under the direction of Costa between 1852 and 1874 to a mean of 452½ and a maximum of 454½. It is not to be supposed that this enhancement of pitch was acquiesced in without protest. In 1860 a meeting of the Society of Arts was held, suggested by the French conference. And yet, though starting with the admission that unanimity was above all things to be desired, the merits of three several pitches were obstinately debated, with the result that the Stuttgart standard, as a compromise, was recommended to be adopted — a recommendation equally abortive with that promulgated by the German *savants* in 1834. Commenting upon this meeting

in an admirable article in the *Musical Times* of February, 1869, when the question had again emerged, Mr. Henry Lunn saw in its decision "a remarkable instance of the independence of the English character, which however commendable in politics, is often most reprehensible in art." He adds, and the words have a special significance at the present juncture, "It was evident" [*i.e.*, in the interval between 1860 and 1869] "that with the experience of the Society of Arts before us, whatever might be done in France, the question never could be decided by any conference held in this country." It was during the dictatorship of Costa, as we have seen, that musical pitch in England rose to the height at or about which it now stands, and a full recognition of the merits of that great conductor should not blind us to the two evil effects entailed by this supposed gain of general brilliancy and sonority, — we mean the harm done to the voices of public singers, and the wrong inflicted upon composers whose works had to be mutilated in order to bring them within the range of the human voice. For instance, the enormous intrinsic difficulties presented to vocalists by Beethoven's "Mass in D" were so far enhanced by the pitch adopted by Costa, that at the performances of that work in 1854, 1861, and 1870, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, he was obliged to transpose, or even alter, certain numbers of the vocal score. The resolution of the meeting of the Society of Arts was a dead letter, and when a crisis did occur nine years later, it may fairly be said to have been forced on by the single action of a great vocalist. Mr. Sims Reeves declined to sing for the Sacred Harmonic Society, giving as his reason, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, the abnormally high pitch then prevailing. Detractors were not slow to insinuate that he was merely consulting the interests of his own organ, and not those of musicians as a whole. The *odium musicum* was aroused, and the papers of the day were filled with correspondence on the subject. But the matter did not end here, for this "strike" on the part of an invaluable artist gave an entirely practical turn to the controversy. An enterprising firm of musical publishers took up the cause, and organized a series of oratorio concerts, with Mr. Sims Reeves as their chief attraction, and the adoption of the French pitch as the chief novelty of their programme. A new organ, tuned to the *diapason normal*, was built for the purpose, the necessary wind instruments were pur-

chased in Paris, and the services of Mr. Barnby secured as conductor. Now, as no mention whatever was made at the recent public meeting held in St. James's Hall of this practical test of the lower pitch, which extended over several seasons and was attended with remarkable success, we may be allowed, in order to complete this brief historical survey of the pitch question, to summarize the net results of this experiment so far as they can be gathered from contemporary press notices. From these it is evident that while undoubted relief was afforded to the singers, no perceptible falling-off in brilliancy or sonority was apparent. The critics were almost unanimous in following the lead set by the writer in the *Times* — presumably the late Mr. Davison — who candidly confessed that the difference between the pitches seemed so slight as hardly to be worth taking into serious account. A great number of these gentlemen took no notice of the change at all; and after the first season, press references to the altered pitch were almost exclusively confined to the statement that it was still upheld. One newspaper, which had assailed the innovation at the outset, was obliged to admit, on the occasion of the performance of the "Mass in D," that the adoption of the French pitch was a great advantage; and in another journal the *diapason normal* was attacked for the grotesque reason that, no grand piano tuned to that standard being available, the "queen of pianistes," Madame Arabelle Goddard, was compelled to submit to the indignity of performing the pianoforte solo in the Choral Fantasia upon a semi-grand. Eventually, the need of more extended accommodation for the performers induced the promoters of these oratorio concerts to migrate to Exeter Hall, where they were obliged to conform to the pitch of the organ, and abandon the *diapason normal*. The general public had ceased to take an interest in the question of pitch, and the musical world at large refused to be convinced of the expediency of the alteration. Thus the movement may be said to have died a natural death, but not before it had practically demonstrated the feasibility of the change where the question of expense was not allowed to stand in the way.

Very little remains to be added to the arguments in favor of or against a lowering of pitch which have been stated at previous crises in the controversy. But it may be as well to set down the *pros* and *cons* of the question as clearly as our

space will allow. Foremost among the advantages of depressing the pitch is the greater uniformity which would be secured, and of the paramount value of which all musicians are convinced in the abstract. Vocalists and instrumentalists are seriously inconvenienced by the necessity of having to adapt their voices or instruments to the different pitches which sometimes prevail in the same city, and composers are left in a state of uncertainty as to the exact demands they are making upon their interpreters, vocal or instrumental. Secondly, almost all singers would profit by the change. Of course, instances would occur where bass and contralto voices would experience an increased difficulty in producing the cavernous tones of their lowest register which nature or cultivation has endowed them with. But their loss would be more than compensated by the corresponding diminution of strain to tenors or soprani in emitting the high A or any note above it, and, let us add, of pain to the sensitive listener, whose appreciation of a song does not always vary in a direct ratio with the physical exertion expended by the singer. Thirdly, the lowering of pitch would, in many cases, extend the repertory of conductors and enable them to surmount the well-nigh insurmountable difficulties presented by the "monumental choral works of the great masters of the whole of the eighteenth and the greater part of the first half of the present century," — we quote from a letter written by Mr. Manns sixteen years ago, in which the advantages of the proposed change are admirably summed up from the conductor's point of view. There are other advantages besides those mentioned which would accrue from a depression of pitch, but they are of minor importance; and we may now turn to the chief arguments that are urged against the proposed alteration. These are two in number — loss of brilliancy, and expense, the former a much disputed point, the latter an indisputable and most serious obstacle, "the *crux* of the whole subject," as it was described at the recent meeting. It is not our intention to enter on a discussion of the relation of brilliancy to pitch. The late Mr. Hullah was an absolute unbeliever as to the existence of such a relationship, and many distinguished musicians like him fail to recognize the added brilliancy which an enhanced pitch is supposed to bring. But on the other hand, it is only fair to record the fact that many conductors have a strong conviction of the intimate con-

nection subsisting between sonority and pitch, though we know at least one of their number who would be ready to make some sacrifice in this respect in the interests of that uniformity which is so deeply to be desired. There remains, then, the question of expense. The change will not affect the construction of the stringed instruments of an orchestra at all, and can be carried out in pianofortes at slight trouble and cost. Brass instruments are capable of alteration; but the real difficulty is met with in the case of organs, flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons. It was computed sixteen years ago that to supply the hundred and eighty-one military bands then existing with new wood wind instruments would cost upwards of £13,000. This sum would have to be paid by the officers, for it is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the cost of providing instruments for regimental bands is not defrayed by government. But the case of civilian instrumentalists is a harder one. For while singers — who would be the greatest gainers by the change — are by far the best paid members of the profession, the chief burden of the expense would fall on the poorest class of musicians, players in orchestras. "How," as Mr. Hullah once pointedly asked, "is an orchestral performer, generally the worst paid of all living artists, to replace a costly instrument often all but his only property?" Hence the excellent suggestion was propounded — we believe by Mr. Manns — that the vocalists should subscribe to aid the instrumentalists. Their readiness to carry out such a proposal, which is pretty sure to be revived, would be an admirable proof of their being really in earnest in demanding a lowered pitch, besides affording a pleasing example of professional solidarity.

The previous history of the pitch question shows that so far as England is concerned, it is hopeless to expect any result from the meeting of conferences and the appointment of committees. Rather must we look for success to a resolute attitude on the part of the great *virtuosi* whose services are indispensable. Mr. Sims Reeves forced on a crisis sixteen years ago. Joachim might do the same now if he chose, or Herr Richter, and so bring the question to a practical issue. If Sir George Macfarren is so convinced of the expediency of adopting the French pitch, then we humbly beg to suggest that he should announce his intention of enforcing it at the Royal Academy. Such an announcement would be of infinitely more

practical value than the reopening of a discussion to which there is nothing to add. From the report of the recent meeting, the ordinary reader who had not made a special study of the question might suppose that the last crisis had occurred twenty-five, and not sixteen, years ago, so absolutely did all the speakers ignore the existence of the Sims Reeves *coup d'état* and the consequent fair trial of the French pitch. Such obliviousness can only be accounted for by our national passion for debate, inasmuch as a brief statement of the results of the experiment in question would have materially curtailed the proceedings. Moreover, such a gathering as that of last Saturday week, convened under the auspices of a single institution, could hardly hope to be representative. The co-operation of conductors is indispensable in the matter; and yet the names of Messrs. Hallé, Manns, Carl Rosa, Barnby, Mackenzie, Stanford, and Parry are unaccountably absent from the proceedings. Resolutions were passed, and an excellent committee appointed to carry them out. But resolutions and recommendations in regard to

art are of little avail when they are not backed by a government department, imperial decrees, or State subsidies. Now, amongst the musical announcements for the forthcoming season we have noticed the promise of renewal by the same firm of publishers of the oratorio concerts to which the crisis of 1869 gave such a special impulse. It would indeed be heaping coals of fire on the heads of those who have so ungratefully ignored their previous efforts if they were to renew the experiment, and give once more proof of the superiority of action over debate. We make this suggestion for what it is worth, and will supplement it with yet another. Should the result of this agitation seem to establish the fact that the change to the French pitch is too great for conductors and instrumentalists to approve of, a compromise might be effected, and some intermediate pitch agreed on, if our neighbors were to be maliciously reminded that, after all, the *diapason normal* is a Napoleonic institution. Once they realized this fact, we feel certain that considerations of expense would not hinder them from obliterating yet another trace of imperialism.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM IN INDIA. — The translation of the national anthem into Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, and the spoken vernaculars of India, has been taken up of late by some native scholars in connection with the Punjab University and the Anjuman i Punjab. The principal conditions of translating "God Save the Queen" are that the translators should reproduce, as much as possible, the ideas of the original, that the metre should be the same, so that the translation may be sung to the English tune of "God Save the Queen," and that the lines should be rhymed as in English, unless the genius of the language is entirely opposed to rhyme. The journal of the Anjuman i Punjab contains a series of articles showing that the translations published by the National Anthem Society in England fail to fulfil these conditions, and informs us that, under Dr. Leitner's auspices, new translations have been made by native scholars, and been presented to the viceroy. At Benares the pandits of the Sanskrit College, under Professor Thibaut, have been asked to examine Professor Max Müller's Sanskrit translation, and to suggest improvements in one or two lines which the translator himself had pointed out as not quite satisfactory. They preferred, however, to publish a translation of their own, which, unfortunately, does not fulfil any one of the essential conditions of a translation. It is a new poem,

in a metre totally different from that of the original, without rhymes, and quite incompatible with the music of "God Save the Queen." The pandits of Benares remarked that the Sanskrit translation submitted to them did not conform to all the rules of Sanskrit *alañkār* (rhetoric); but the repetitions (*punarukti*) of which they complained belong to the original, which has never been considered a perfect specimen of English poetry. The pandits are now disputing among themselves; and one of them has tried to show that Gāḍhara, the author of the new translation, while finding fault with Professor Max Müller for using a grammatical form which occurs in the Mahābhārata, but is not sanctioned by Pāṇini, has committed no less than twenty-seven mistakes himself. It is well known how fond native scholars are of criticising each other, but we still hope that, under Professor Thibaut's guidance, they may be persuaded to help in the production of a really serviceable translation of "God Save the Queen" into Sanskrit. Such a translation should serve as a model for the vernacular translations in Bengālī, Hindi, Marathi, and Guzerathi, and would probably be used all over India, where Sanskrit, as the *lingua franca* of the learned, still holds the same position which Latin held in the Middle Ages.

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